

The Sketch

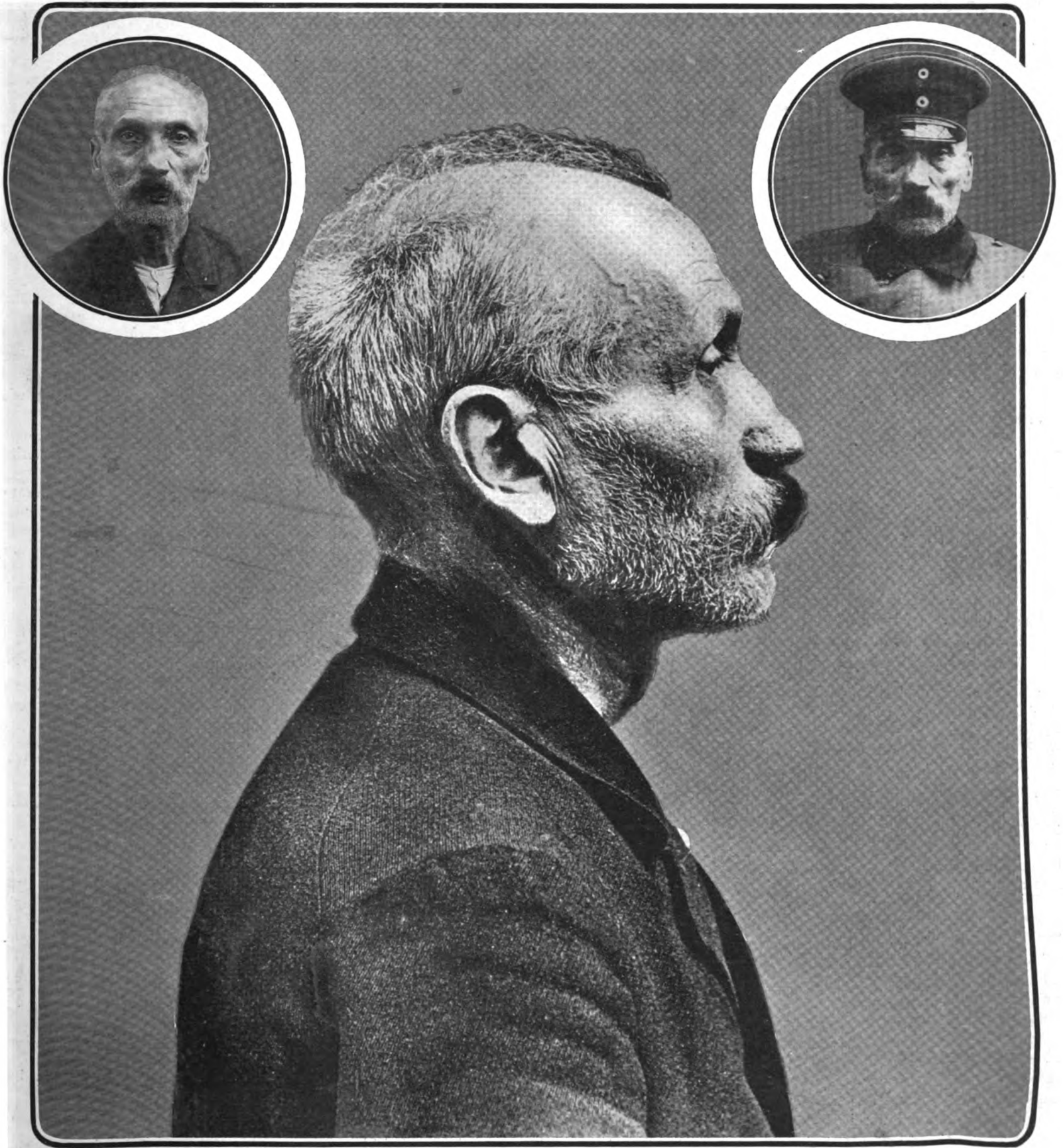
No. 718.—Vol. LVI.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1906.

SIXPENCE.

VOIGT—FULL FACE.

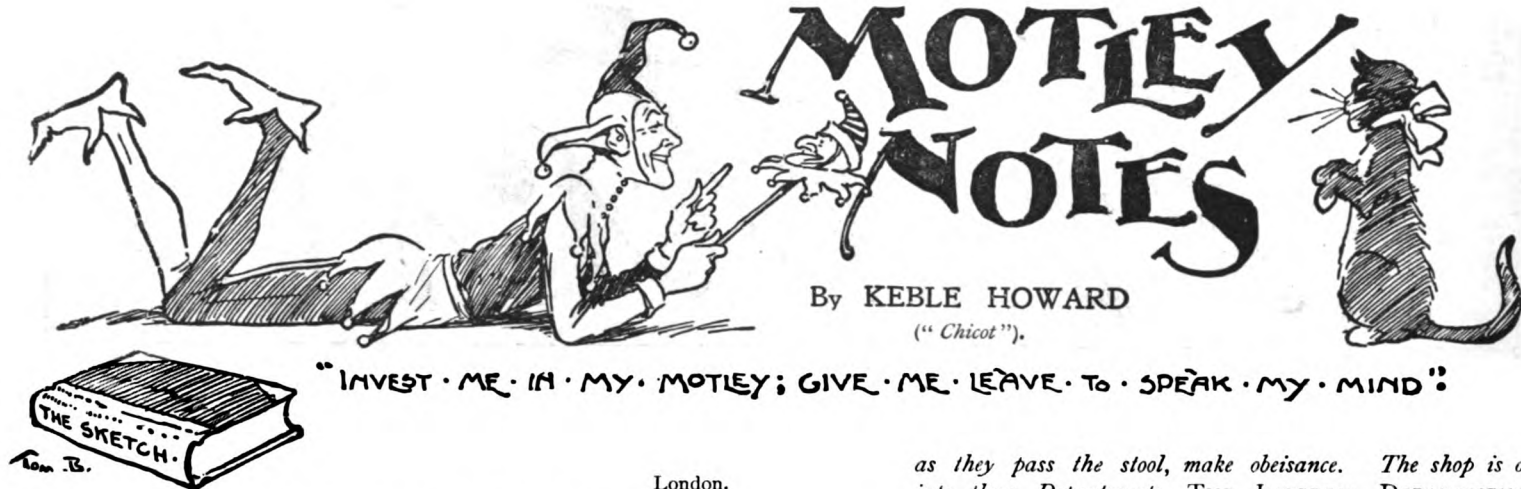
VOIGT IN THE GUARDS UNIFORM.



THE UNMILITARY COBBLER-CAPTAIN OF KOEPENICK: WILHELM VOIGT, THE BOGUS CAPTAIN OF THE FIRST REGIMENT OF THE GUARDS.

The bogus Captain of the First Regiment of the Guards, who arrested the Burgomaster of Koepenick and the Town Cashier and sent them under escort to Berlin, while he helped himself to some £200 from the official coffers, turns out to be a cobbler, an old offender against the laws, named Wilhelm Voigt. Voigt is a native of Tilsit. When arrested he had a week's growth of beard.

Large photograph by the Berliner Illustrations Gesellschaft; small photograph of Voigt in uniform by Ed. Frankl; the other small photograph of Voigt, by Filip Kester, supplied by the Illustrations Bureau.



A Chat About Cobblers.

I, personally, am not in the least surprised to hear that the Koepenick hero was in earlier life a cobbler. Most people, I suppose, will be surprised, because cobblers are not properly understood. Having made a careful study of cobblers and cobbling, I felt pretty sure all along that the "amazing Captain," as they call him, must have had something to do with that particular industry. Whenever anything curious and clever happens, you may generally make up your mind that there is a cobbler at the bottom of it. And I'll tell you the reason of that. A man who does a curious and a clever thing is a man who has had plenty of time to think about it. Cobblers, as is well known to psychologists, think and think all day long. Every stitch represents at least one thought. Again, to think well, a man must have plenty of blood in his head. The nature of his work compels a cobbler to bend down all day long. Thus his head is always full of blood. We see, therefore, that a cobbler thinks more and thinks better than anybody else. Read your criminal history, and you will find that most of the quaint and ingenious murders have been committed by cobblers. Now you know the reason. There are, of course, many delightfully simple, guileless cobblers. I know one who composes poetry as he stitches. But most of them, I think, are very dangerous.

The Joke of the Book War.

Queer chaps, these writers. Have you marked, friend the reader, the letters which they have been writing in the daily papers about the Book War? Have you heard the roar of Mr. Kipling, the blare of Mr. Hall Caine, the scream of Mr. Shaw, the wail of Mr. Wells, the bark of Mr. Max Pemberton, the yap of Mr. Mason, the mew of Mrs. Humphry Ward, the moan of Mr. Hewlett, and all the other strange noises? Of course you have. And what battle-cry do you distinguish from the midst of the hubbub? If any, this—

"WE WILL HAVE OUR MONEY!"

Quite right, too. It is all very nice and genteel to pretend that you don't work for money so long as the cheques come tumbling in by every post; but when there is a danger of the cheques going astray, then, big or small, you must shout your very loudest. But the odd thing is—and this is why I call them queer chaps—they are all helping to defeat their own object. They have all been writing long letters to the papers and getting nothing for 'em! Great fun for the papers, but foolish on the part of the writers. At any rate, I think so. Don't you? What Editor wouldn't have been glad to pay handsomely for any of those letters. I should be surprised to hear that any Editor did. Clever chaps, Editors.

Shaw's Emporium. Mr. Bernard Shaw, like a true Socialist, has made a grand suggestion for the benefit of the small authors. "Mr. Kipling's idea," he says, "is that Mr. Moberly Bell will gradually ruin all the booksellers, extinguish all the libraries, and buy up all the newspapers in England, until at last there is no other publisher or bookseller in London; and that then I shall be at his mercy. On the contrary, then he will be at mine. For I, and Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Wells, and Mr. Hall Caine, and Miss Corelli, compacted in the Society of Authors, will threaten to open our own shop and manufacture and sell our own books." Let us see this beautiful shop in full working order—

The scene is the interior of a large new bookshop running the whole length of Adelphi Terrace. Near the main entrance stands a pay-desk, in which MISS MARIE CORELLI is sitting at the receipt of custom. In the very centre of the shop, mounted on a stool, is MR. SHAW. He is wearing a black frock coat and washes his hands ceaselessly with invisible soap. The lady-customers,

as they pass the stool, make obeisance. The shop is divided into three Departments—THE IMPERIAL DEPARTMENT, presided over by MR. KIPLING; THE SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT, presided over by MR. WELLS; and THE FICTION DEPARTMENT, presided over by MR. HALL CAINE. MR. SHAW, from his place of vantage, keeps an uncommonly sharp eye on all his subordinates.

CUSTOMER (*entering shyly, to MISS CORELLI*). Oh, would you mind telling me where I go for the novels?

MISS CORELLI. What novel was it you happened to require, Madam?

MR. SHAW (*espying the MEMBER OF THE PUBLIC*). This way, Madam, if you please! Don't loiter in the doorway!

MISS CORELLI (*hurriedly*). "Treasure of Heaven" forward on the right.

MR. SHAW (*nimbly intercepting the CUSTOMER*). Yes, Madam? And what can we do for you this afternoon?

CUSTOMER. Oh, I wanted a novel. That's all.

MR. SHAW (*stepping briskly down from stool*). Certainly, Madam. Come this way, will you? Something nice and light, perhaps?

CUSTOMER. Yes. It's for my daughter. She's in bed with influenza, and I wanted a novel by Mr. —

MR. SHAW. I fully understand, Madam. Just reach down those books in the plain green covers with the gold lettering, Mr. Caine.

MR. CAINE. Were you requiring cheap philosophy in the form of a play, Madam, or merely a play? Because, in the latter event, I have a new stock of "Bondmans" just in, with frontispiece showing Mrs. Patrick Campbell picking a real bone. In addition to the play and the pictures, you—

MR. SHAW. The lady particularly asked for something light, Caine. Don't be silly and waste time.

CUSTOMER. Yes. I wondered whether you had anything of Mr. —

MR. SHAW (*fondling copy of "Man and Superman"*). This is excruciatingly funny, Madam, if your daughter cares to scream at all.

CUSTOMER. I forget the name of the book my daughter mentioned, but I know it is illustrated by Mr. —

MR. KIPLING (*who has strolled up with his hands in his pockets*). Give her one of the "Jungle Books," and be done with it! What the blazes is the good of gassing!

MR. SHAW. My good fool, the lady's daughter is an adult, not a child.

MR. KIPLING. Give her "Puck" then. We've stopped offering it for kids.

MR. WELLS (*who has sidled within earshot*). Pardon my intrusion, but don't you think, Bernard dear, that something in the "Kipps" line would suit the lady? All my friends at Folkestone recommend it for the influenza. Not, of course, that I should wish to push my own wares, but—

MISS CORELLI (*calling shrilly from the pay-box*). "Treasure of Heaven's" four-and-six, and not a penny under. None of your games, you know, Hall!

MR. CAINE (*shouting back*). We've offered her that, and she says that's what made the poor girl ill! So sorry!

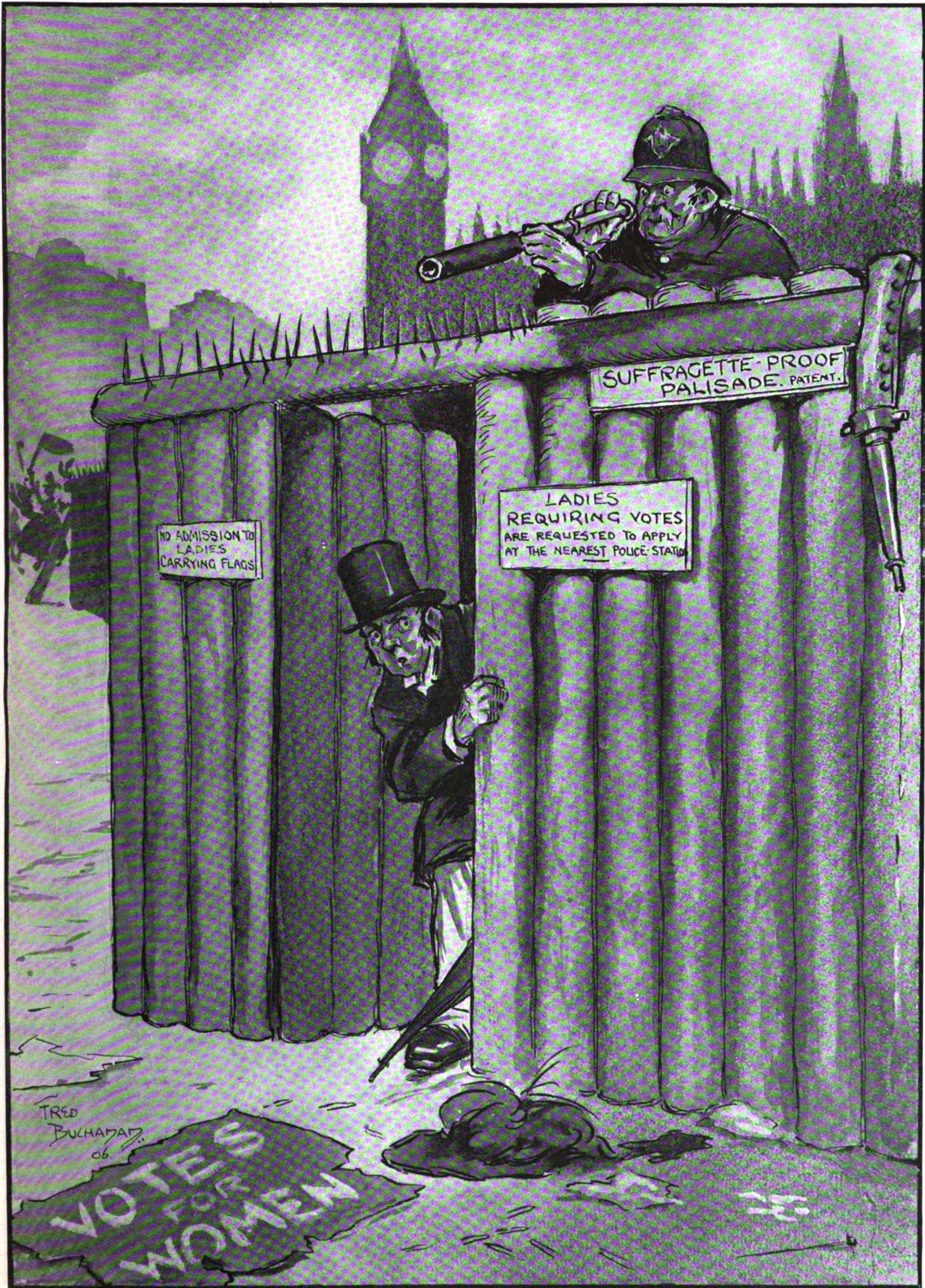
CUSTOMER. Excuse me, gentlemen, but what I really wanted was a book by a humorous gentleman called—

MESSRS. SHAW, CAINE, AND WELLS (*all shouting together*). You must mean me!!!

MISS CORELLI (*leaving the pay-box and dashing into the fray*). This avarice is disgusting. Here, my dear, take this. (*Forces copy of "Treasure of Heaven" into CUSTOMER'S hand.*) Four-and-six, please. Pay at the desk. I'll be there.

[QUICK CURTAIN.]

WHO GOES HOME?—THE CRY OF THE LOBBY.



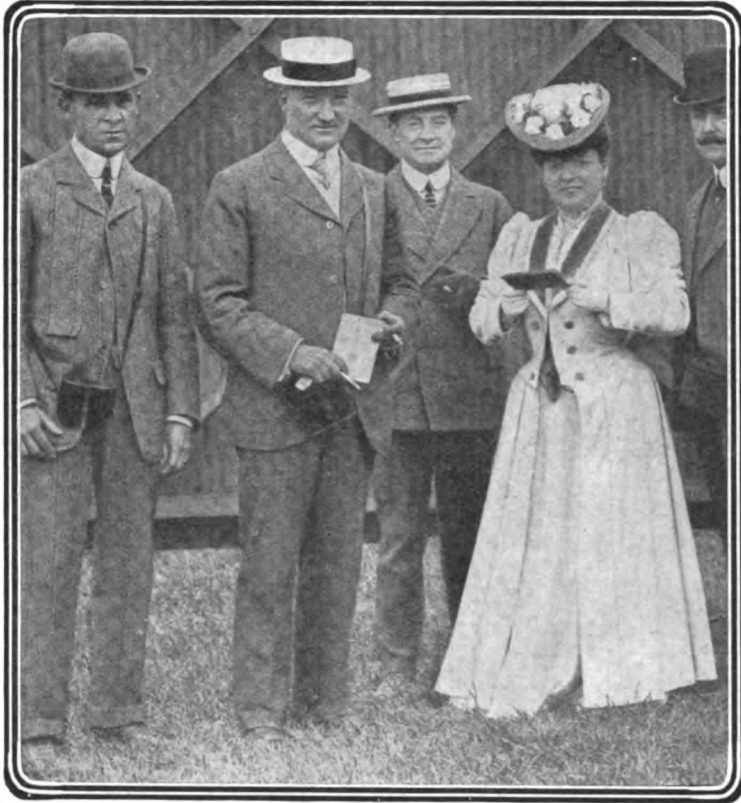
NERVOUS MEMBER (as he emerges from the barricaded House of Commons of the Near Future): Are there any more Suffragettes about, Constable? I really must go home now.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

THE CLUBMAN.

Parisians and the Lord Mayor's Coachman—Montjarret, the Piqueur of the Republic—British Insularity in Paris—A Cap at the Opera—Dress-Clothes as Baggage—The Japanese in California.

PASSING through Paris after the Lord Mayor had come and gone, I was amused to find that the plump coachman who drove our great civic dignitary had left a deeper impression on the Parisian memory than did his master. "He was so solid, so dignified, so typically Britannic," was what one man told me. "He is to you



Mr. Hurley.

Miss Lloyd.

"THE WEDDING BELLS WERE RINGING": MISS MARIE LLOYD AND MR. ALEC HURLEY, WHO WERE MARRIED ON SATURDAY LAST.

Miss Marie Lloyd, the famous music-hall artist, and Mr. Alec Hurley, the well-known coster comedian, were married before the Registrar at the Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, on Saturday last. Miss Lloyd's first husband was Mr. Percy Charles Courtenay.

Photograph by Baker and Muegeridge.

what Montjarret was to us," was another remark, which I could not entirely agree with, for Montjarret, the *piqueur* of the Republic, the clean-shaven horseman in cap and jacket who rode a splendid horse and preceded the Presidential carriage on all occasions of ceremony, was one of the popular idols of the Parisians. Republican simplicity has in France swept away so much of the pomp and ceremony which attend the heads of State that Montjarret represented in Parisian eyes all the glitter and velvet and gold which the City of Light, in spite of all its "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," would very gladly see once again in its State processions. If I remember rightly, Montjarret grew too haughty for his post, and retired in a fit of pique—a not unfit termination to the career of a *piqueur*.

Some of our compatriots are still splendidly insular when in Paris. At the Nouveautés Theatre, the other evening, I was much amused by a British matron who had brought two friends, both ladies, to see "Vous n'avez Rien à Déclarer?" the very amusing and very Gallic farce which is running there. The matron was splendidly conscious that her respectability was proof against any risky lightness which might be in the atmosphere, and her two companions looked up to her with respectful admiration. She talked loudly in English during the entr'actes, expressing superior and slightly contemptuous opinions of the play and the theatre, and occasionally dropped into French to show how admirable her accent was. During the last entr'acte, instead of giving her check-ticket to the *ouvreuse* that her cloak might be brought to her, she pushed her way out at great inconvenience to herself, and, returning with her cloak, explained loudly to her companions that she had followed the Parisian custom. I caught the eye of a Frenchman sitting next to the three, who I could see had been much amused by the lordly talk of the lady, and we exchanged a sympathetic smile.

The worst example of insular ill-manners in England I have seen for many years was that of two young Englishmen who went to the

Opera in Paris in bicycling suits and caps. One of them was a clergyman. They put their caps under their seats, and during one of the entr'actes, looking for them, one of the caps had disappeared—it had been carried along by the dress of a lady going to her fauteuil. If those two young Englishmen had only heard the remarks which were made sotto voce about them by their French neighbours in the stalls, and the pious hopes that were expressed that the cap would never be found, it would have been a lesson to them not to go to one of the few theatres where evening dress is the custom in travel-stained grey Norfolk jackets.

Nowadays, however, Englishmen rarely lay themselves open to reproach in the matter of dress. • Indeed, I notice constantly Britannic hat-boxes being taken out of the train at towns where a tall-hat would never be worn; and many men, sooner than be caught at a disadvantage, carry some of their Hyde Park garments with them through all the out-of-the-way parts of Europe, and pay large sums for overweight. It would be a kindly deed if the guide-books would give travellers a hint as to the towns and hotels in which dress-clothes are never worn. Except for one dinner-party, I did not wear a dress-coat in any of the cities of Eastern Europe until I came to Buda-Pesth, and there at the Opera I found that the men in dress-clothes were the exception, not the rule. Vienna is falling very gradually into line with Paris in the matter of wearing dress-clothes at the Opera, but in most of the small cities of Central and Eastern Europe a man who appeared in the evening in a white tie and a swallow-tailed coat would be thought to have gone to a wedding during the day and to have forgotten to change his garments afterwards. There are four capitals in Europe where a bachelor who does not intend to go out to dinner-parties may want his dress-coat, his white ties, his frock-coat, and his silk hat; in all the other towns a dinner-jacket, a black tie, and a black coat carry him through triumphantly.

It is difficult for us in this country to understand the temper in which the Californians have excluded the Japanese children from the schools to which they send their own sons and daughters. In England we are very open-minded on such subjects, and at all our public schools are to be found dusky or yellow-skinned little scholars who are objects of friendly curiosity to the rest of the boys. There is little wonder that the President of the United States and his Cabinet are much embarrassed by the action of the Californians. The days are past now when the Japanese could be treated as the Chinese are in America, and I fancy that the Westerners are about to be taught a



A MODERN MARTYR: MR. PETHICK LAWRENCE, WHO PAID £10 A DAY TO THE SUFFRAGETTES' FUNDS WHILE HIS WIFE WAS IN GAOL.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence was one of the Suffragettes who, having refused to be bound over to keep the peace, were sent to Holloway. She was released on Saturday night, as she had been taken seriously ill. On hearing her sentence, her husband offered to pay £10 a day to the Suffragettes' funds while she was in prison.

Photograph by Ernest H. Mills.

rather disagreeable lesson by Washington. Australia would be wise to take note of what happens in California. In ten years' time, reformed China will probably step up to the level that Japan has reached, and then there will be some more unpleasant reminders that the yellow races are levelling up to the white ones.

A NEW HIGHWAY TO SOUTH AFRICA.

THERE is a railroad now under construction in South-West Africa which will eventually shorten the journey between London and Pretoria or Bulawayo by three thousand miles. At present when a traveller wants to go to the Witwatersrand he has to travel by sea all the way to Cape Town, and then turn northwards over the Cape Railways, a journey which occupies a further two or three days. The Benguella Railway, which is to provide the direct communication between the West Coast at Lobito Bay and the phenomenally rich copper deposits of Katanga controlled by the Tanganyika Concessions, Limited, will form the first link in the chain constituting a new high road to Central South Africa.

* * * * *

The Select Committee appointed in the Cape in July last to inquire into the question of railway competition with the existing Cape Government railways, placed on record in their report the estimate that the Benguella route to Johannesburg would shorten the journey from London by between four and five days. They added that there was no doubt that a considerable portion of the traffic to Johannesburg now being carried over the Cape Government lines would be diverted to the Benguella Railway owing to the great saving both in time and distance that it would effect.

* * *

The port of Benguella, which gives its name to the new railway, is attached to one of the most important coast towns in the Portuguese colony of Angola, but it is so exposed to the force of the Atlantic that it has been necessary to select another port for the terminus of the railway. This has been found at Lobito Bay, some twenty-three miles to the north, where a quite ideal shelter for vessels exists in one of the finest natural harbours in the world. Behind a spit of land jutting into the Atlantic is a perfectly land-locked bay, four miles long by two miles wide; and so remarkable is the conformation that on the inland side deep water is reached within a few feet of the shore, so that vessels of thirty feet draft can lie alongside the pier. Already Lobito Bay has become a regular port of call for the steamers of the Union-Castle Company, as well as those of the Woermann Company



RAILWAY BRIDGE ACROSS THE CATUMBELLA RIVER.



THE "TINTAGEL CASTLE" ALONGSIDE THE QUAY AT LOBITO BAY

of Hamburg, and Empresa Nacional and other Portuguese lines trading along the coast.

* * *

A photograph reproduced on this page shows the *Tintagel Castle*, a Union-Castle vessel of nearly 6000 tons, lying alongside the quay in Lobito Bay, unloading materials for the Benguella Railway construction.

* * *

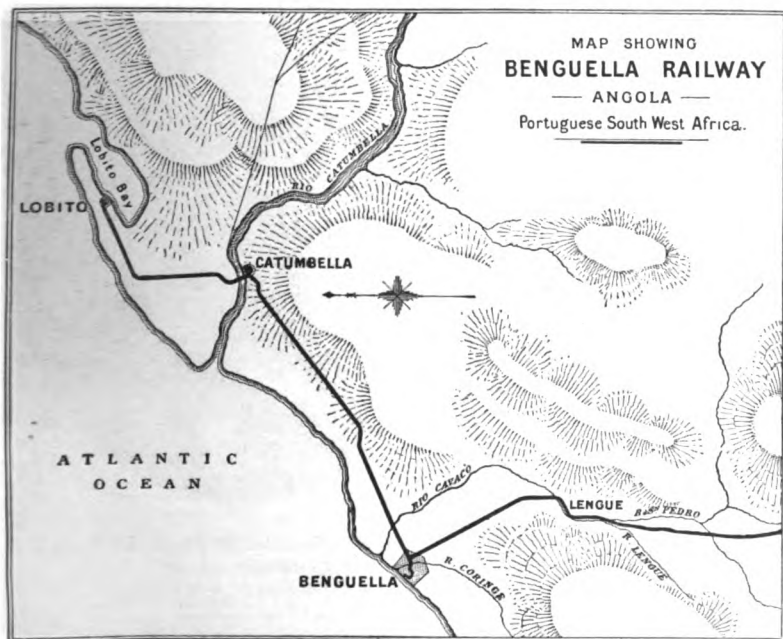
The concession for the Benguella Railway, with mineral rights over a width of seventy miles on either side, is vested in the Tanganyika Concessions, Limited, who hold ninety per cent. of the capital, the other ten per cent. being retained by the Portuguese Government. From Benguella the railroad will pursue an almost horizontal line in an easterly direction to the copper deposits of Katanga. The chief engineering difficulties for the entire system have been overcome in the first section of the railroad, which is already open for traffic. In the course of the first two hundred miles an ascent through very difficult country to an altitude of 5000 feet has been achieved, and this brings the railroad on to the level plateau commonly known as the Great Trans-African Divide, where the laying of the line will be a comparatively easy matter, and will be accomplished at a rapid rate. Altogether a distance of 1000 miles, more or less, will have to be covered, the financing of the construction work being one of the objects of the Tanganyika Concessions, Limited. The objective, as already stated, is the colossal mineral deposits of Katanga, in the south-east of the Congo State.

* * * * *

The engineers jointly engaged in the construction of this important railway are Sir Douglas Fox and Partners, and Sir Charles Metcalfe, who are similarly occupied in the supervision of sections of Mr. Cecil Rhodes's great scheme for the linking up of Cairo and Cape Town. The work is being carried out upon the same scale in point of rolling-stock, railway-gauge, etc., as the other African railways, the uniformity of the several systems being regarded as highly important, inasmuch as the new line will eventually be linked with the Rhodesian Railways and through communication so assured.

* * * * *

As already intimated, the section now completed has presented more serious engineering difficulties than are anticipated in the



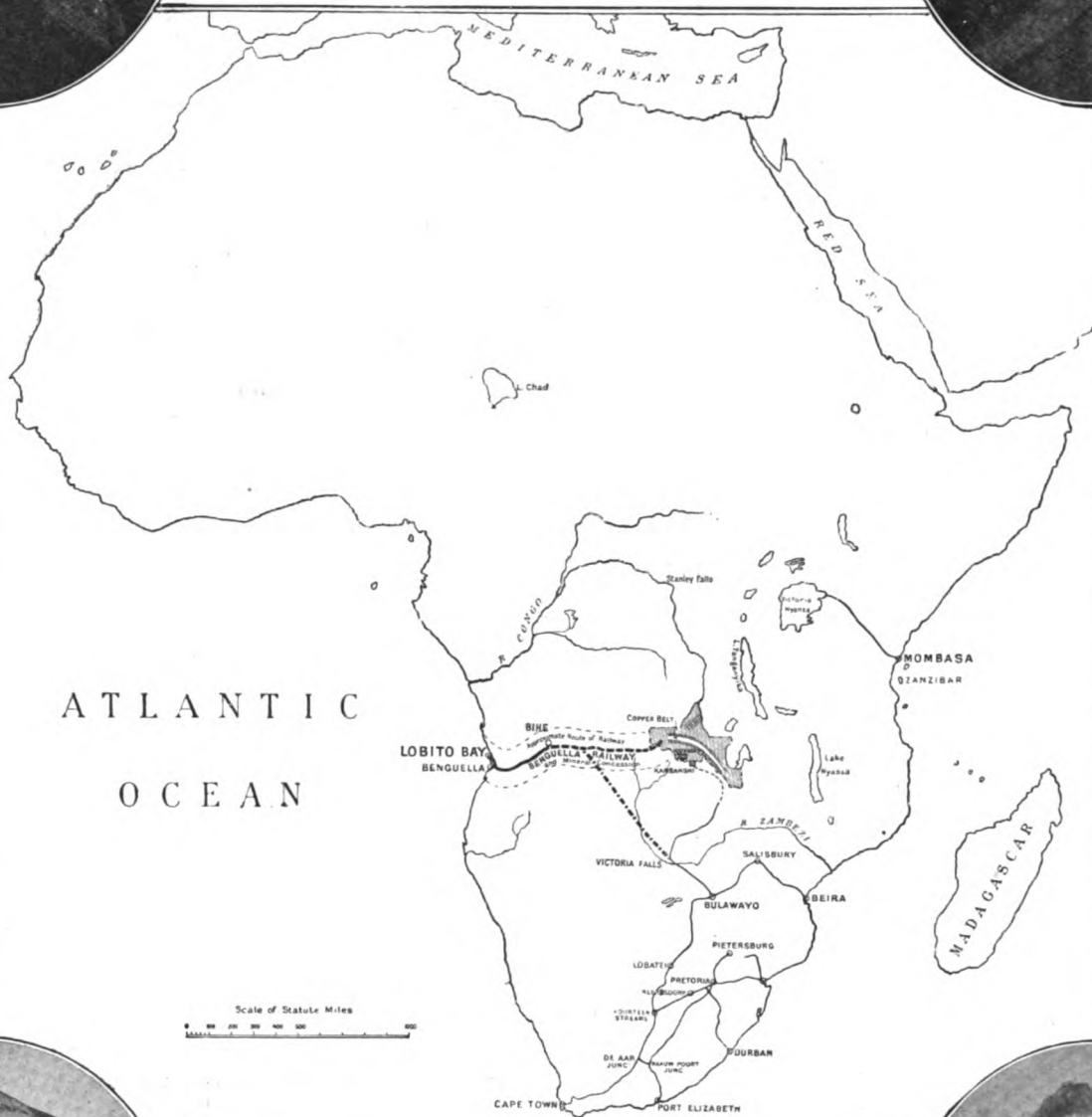
SIR DOUGLAS FOX
ENGINEER TO THE
BENGUELLA RAILWAY.



MR ROBERT WILLIAMS
MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE
TANGANYIKA CONCESSIONS.



RAILWAY MAP OF AFRICA.



EXISTING RAILWAYS —————

BENGUELLA RAILWAY
IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION. - - - - -

THE NEW HIGH ROAD
TO CENTRAL SOUTH AFRICA — · — · —



MR GEORGE GREY
RESIDENT ENGINEER OF THE
TANGANYIKA CONCESSIONS



COLONEL SIR JOAQUIN MACHADO, K.C.M.G.
CHAIRMAN OF THE
BENGUELLA RAILWAY

portion remaining to be executed. At Lengue, a point clearly indicated in the accompanying detailed map, a very steep gradient was encountered, involving the removal of several millions of tons of rock for the installation of a rack-railway on the Apt system, similar to that in use on the Delagoa Bay line to Pretoria. With this ascent negotiated, the laying of the line from Monte Sahoia, the station at the commencement of the road across the high plateau will be a matter of comparative ease. The experience of the Cape to Cairo line teaches that under the best conditions as much as eight miles of track can be laid in a day, so that there is no reason to anticipate any very long delay in the completion of the connection between the West Coast and the Katanga copper-fields.

* * *

The Benguela Railway must always be the economic line for the service of this phenomenally rich district; but, happily, it will not be necessary to wait for its completion before the Tanganyika Concessions Company will have the opportunity of demonstrating in bulk the richness of its mineral fields. As will be seen from the railway map of the continent accompanying this article, the Rhodesia Railway from Bulawayo over the Victoria Falls is now within a comparatively short distance of Kanshansi, the most southerly of the Tanganyika properties, and it is estimated that in less than twelve months this line, which is already north of Rhodesia Broken Hill, will reach Kanshansi, so as to be available for transport from the Kanshansi mine, as well as from the more important deposits of Katanga lying within Congo territory.

* * * * *

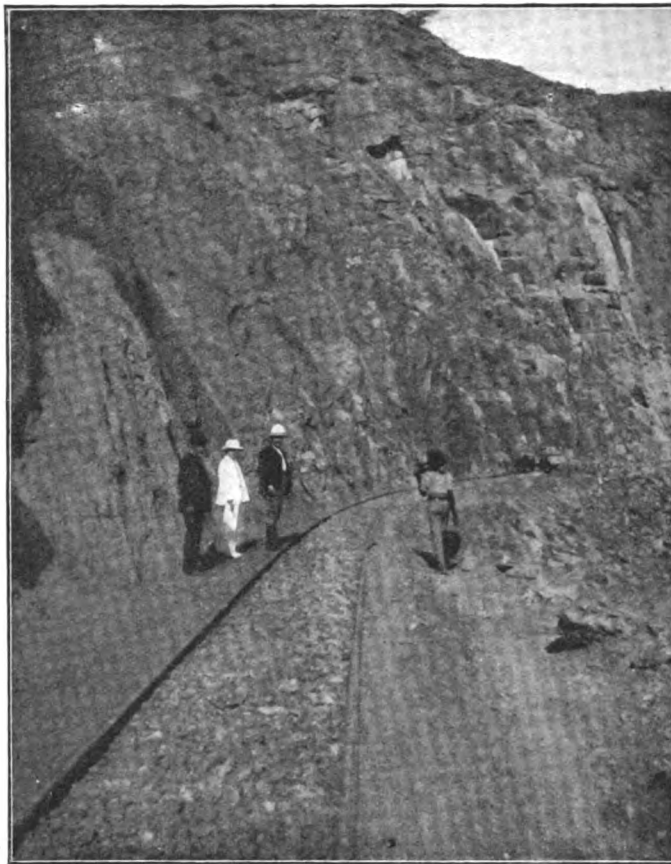
In July 1905 the Official Engineer of the Congo Free State placed on record his estimate that in the lines lying between the Lufira and Lualaba Rivers there was shown ore containing two million tons of copper.

* * * * *

The copper belt, which extends over a length of about two hundred miles, contains upwards of one hundred known copper deposits, upon ten of which twenty-six cross-cut tunnels have been run, and from these alone sufficient ore of a minimum value of fifteen per cent. of copper can be obtained to keep in full work for many years to come the most extensive plant that the company can possibly require.

* * * * *

The average value of the ore at Rio Tinto, the richest mine in Europe, is under three per cent. of copper. At Katanga there is any amount of ore running twenty per cent. copper, and the more important point is that it can be quarried at a very low cost for many years to come, necessitating no expensive equipment or development. Making all allowances for the difficulties of transport and treatment in the heart of a partially explored country, a production of six per cent. of copper in Katanga would yield a profit with the price of the metal at £40 per ton. The present price of copper is about £100 per ton, and the average grade of ore is upwards of fifteen per cent. instead of six.



THE BENGUELLA RAILWAY AT LENGUE.

In plain English, the visible supplies merely awaiting transport represent a value of not less than two hundred millions sterling, and it becomes a platitude to suggest that, with transport assured, the Tanganyika Concessions, Limited, will control the copper markets of the world.

* * *

It must be remembered, moreover, that its copper is not Katanga's only source of wealth. There is a tin belt extending over a distance of some 110 miles, along which many locations have been made both of alluvial and reef tin. At the Ruwe Gold-mine, washing for surface gold has been continuous since April 1904, nearly three-fourths of the value recovered being profit. Within the concession there is a range of hills consisting of pure iron-ore, sufficient to maintain a great enterprise when demand arises. These various mineral deposits are included in the territory—shaded on the railway map—belonging to the Special Katanga Committee, which has granted exclusive rights of exploration for a long term of years to the Tanganyika

Concessions, Limited. The Katanga Special Committee is the body elected to administer the personal estates of his Majesty the King of the Belgians, and in this connection a highly important point is that an Anglo-Belgian mineral company has recently been formed for the development of the mineral wealth described in the foregoing paragraphs. Of the total capital of £800,000, 45 per cent. is owned by the Tanganyika Concessions, Limited, and the balance by King Leopold II. and his associates.

* * * * *

The Kanshansi mine, to which reference has already been made, is not included in the Katanga Concession, but lies in Northern Rhodesia, and this the company holds on joint account with the British South Africa Company. Here, again, is an exceptionally rich copper mine opened up to a depth of four hundred feet, and the ore so far exposed averages about twenty per cent. in copper, and about 3 dwt. in gold per ton. From the developments to date it is expected that the Kanshansi Mine will yield upwards of 100,000 tons of ore for each 100 feet in depth, and it is from this source that the first supplies of copper will be brought down by the Rhodesian Railways.

* * *

In conclusion, we may quote the opinion of an eminent engineer, who knows the country thoroughly, that the present generation will live to see within the area of the Tanganyika Concessions the Milwaukee of the future. The mineral wealth is without a parallel. The harnessing of the Victoria Falls will provide electric power in unlimited volume, while the carboniferous formation already located within the territory, if not in itself sufficient for all requirements, can be supplemented from the practically inexhaustible coal-fields of Wankie, already in direct communication by rail.



A VIADUCT ON THE BENGUELLA RAILWAY.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15,
COLONEL NEWCOME. COLONEL NEWCOME.
MR. TREE.
ETHEL NEWCOME MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open 10 to 10. Telephone 1777 Gerrard.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER,
Lessee and Manager. At 8.30, THE MORALS OF MARCUS, a play in Four Acts
by William J. Locke, being a dramatic version of "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne."
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S, KING STREET, PALL MALL.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15 (298th time). MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT. at 2.
HIS HOUSE IN ORDER. By A. W. PINERO.
MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. MISS IRENE VANRHUGH. Tel. 3993 Gerrard.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,
Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES'S NEW
CHINESE COMIC OPERA, SEE-SEE. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING at 9.
PETER'S MOTHER. Priced at 8.30 by TURTLE DOVES.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15 (doors open 7.50), THE NEW ALADDIN. MATINEE
EVERY SATURDAY at 2.15 (doors open 1.50). Box office 10 till 10.

LYRIC THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
Lessee, Mr. William Greet. Under the Management of Mr. Tom B. Davis.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.
ROBIN HOOD. By Henry Hamilton and William Devereux. ROBIN HOOD.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
TWICE DAILY,
at 2 and 8 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

EMPIRE, Leicester Sq.—"BURNING TO SING," M.L.E.
JUNIOR, CARL, M.L.E. GENÉE in COPPELIA, and Selected Varieties.
EVERY EVENING at 8. Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.

EDUCATION AND AMUSEMENT.
HALE'S TOURS OF THE WORLD.
TAKE THE PULLMAN at 165, OXFORD STREET, and TRAVEL THROUGH
SCOTLAND AND CANADA FOR SIXPENCE.
"AN AMAZING ILLUSION." STEP ON BOARD.

QUEEN'S HALL.
ALBERT SPALDING. FOUR SYMPHONY CONCERTS
(Under the direction of N. Vert).
To-Day, Oct. 31, at 3. Nov. 28, at 3.
Nov. 13, at 8.30. Dec. 14, at 8.30.
Assisted by THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
Conductor: Mr. LONDON RONALD. Solo Violin: ALBERT SPALDING.
A new Orchestral Work by an English Composer will be given at each Concert.
Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., 1s., at the Hall and usual Agents.
N. VERT, 6, Cork Street, W.

PIANOFORTES.

R. GÖRS AND KALLMANN,
BERLIN.

AGENTS: BOOSEY AND CO., 295, REGENT STREET.
LISTS, &c, ON APPLICATION.

LEAMINGTON SPA. REGENT HOTEL.
Unique Winter and Hunting Quarters. MOST CHARMING IN THE PROVINCES.
Re-furnished, Re-decorated. Recherche Cuisine. Large Garage. Resident Engineer.

THE LANGHAM HOTEL,

PORTLAND PLACE AND REGENT STREET.
FAMILY HOTEL OF THE HIGHEST ORDER. LONDON, W.
Modern Appointments. Moderate Tariff.

FISH (from Sea to your Door).—Order direct from the
leading firm for value and quick delivery. 6 lb., 2s.; 9 lb., 2s. 6d.; 11 lb., 3s.; 14 lb.,
3s. 6d.; carriage paid, dressed and cleaned ready for cooking. Choice variety. Trial solicited.
List and particulars free.—STANDARD FISH COMPANY, F. GRIMSBY DOCKS.

BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES—"Pullman Limited" from
VICTORIA 11 a.m. SUNDAYS. Book in advance, as the number of seats cannot be
increased. Also First Class and Pullman 11.5 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Day Return Tickets,
Pullman, 12s.; First Class, 10s. Week-days, at 10.5 a.m., Pullman, 12s.

EASTBOURNE.—SUNDAYS from Victoria, 9.25 a.m. First
Class 10s., and 11.15 a.m., Pullman, 12s. WEEK-DAYS from Victoria and London Bridge
9.15 a.m. First Class, 10s.

BEXHILL and HASTINGS by the Brighton Railway.—On
SUNDAYS from Victoria and London Bridge at 9.25 a.m. Eare, Bexhill 10s., Hastings,
10s. 6d. WEEK-DAYS 9.45 a.m. Fare, Bexhill, 10s., Hastings, 12s.

WEEK-END TICKETS to all South Coast Seaside places
(Hastings to Portsmouth and Isle of Wight inclusive) from London and Suburban
Stations, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Particulars of Superintendent of the Line, L.B. and S.C.R., London Bridge Terminus.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH." PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND. ABROAD.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d. Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d. Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 11s.
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d. Three Months, 9s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.
Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union
of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the
East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

Now Ready, The First Two Volumes of

THE NATIONAL EDITION

OF THE WORKS OF

CHARLES DICKENS

WHICH, WHEN COMPLETED, WILL RANK AS

THE FINEST EDITION EVER PUBLISHED,

and no doubt will immediately become one of those

RARE EDITIONS

which command High Prices in the Market.

IT WILL BE COMPLETE IN 40 VOLUMES,

Price 10s. 6d net each

To be sold in sets only.

POINTS TO BE NOTED IN REGARD TO IT:

IT WILL INCLUDE—

Upwards of 130 Articles, Stories, and Sketches never before collected in
any Edition of the Author's Works.

90 of these are identified for the first time, the knowledge of which is only
possessed by the present Publishers.

The Edition will also contain for the first time:

Dickens' Letters, Speeches, Plays, Poems, and Forster's Life of the Author.

The Illustrations will be printed on India paper and mounted, and will
comprise all the original steel plates and wood blocks, and in addition
those done for various editions during the life of the Author by Leech,
Seymour, Buss, Leslie, Webster, Warren, Meadows, Mahony, Maddox,
Absolon, Corbeaux, Palmer, Topham, Houghton, Frith, and others,
which do not appear in any other edition.

The text is printed by Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh, from type made especially for the
edition, upon rag paper also especially made. The volumes are bound in green saten, with
a special design on the cover.

There are only 750 Copies for this Country and America, and
as the volumes are printed the type is distributed, so that no further
copies can be issued after these are sold.

Ask your bookseller to show you a volume, or apply to the publishers for an eight-page
prospectus.

THE FIRST TWO VOLUMES NOW READY.

London: CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED.

KEBLE HOWARD'S FINEST NOVEL.

A SPECIAL NOTE FOR "SKETCH" READERS.

Readers of *The Sketch* the world over know the name and the writings of Keble Howard. For
several years no issue of *The Sketch* has appeared without a contribution from his pen. They
know him also through his novels—"The God in the Garden," "Love in June," and "The Smiths
of Surbiton"—all published by us with very great success. But it is generally admitted that
Keble Howard's finest work is contained in his new novel, entitled "THE WHIP HAND:
A COMEDY FOR HUSBANDS." We published this book just a month ago, and it is
already in the Fourth Edition. The *Morning Leader* says of it: "No other living writer
could have endowed the subject with the same liveliness, reality, and grace." This is high praise
for a young author, but the opinion has been endorsed by sixty or seventy of the leading
journals in the kingdom. We are confident that the sales will be proportionate. The price of
"THE WHIP HAND" is Six Shillings.

CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED, 11, Henrietta St., W.C.

"PERHAPS the largest Turf accountancy business in
the world is presided over by Mr. Daniel M. Gant, whose
premises are situated in the very heart of the West End of
London, namely, at 25, Conduit Street, W. His business
has of course been established for many years, and he himself
is a well-known member of Tattersall's Subscription Rooms,
which is a testimonial that requires no further remarks. Mr.
Gant was the originator of the no-limit system—that is to
say, he was the first Turf accountant to pay his clients the
full odds betted against a horse. It is true that several
others have followed suit, but it can be safely said that no
rules ever devised by mortal man can show such fairness and
liberality in every way to clients as those issued from
25, Conduit Street."—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*,
May 30, 1906.—Write for terms, the most advantageous extant.

The Illustrated London News.

NOVEMBER 3.

MODERN ATHLETES AS ROMAN GLADIATORS

NEW DISCOVERIES AT HERCULANEUM

"THE MERVEILLEUSES," AT DALY'S

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE Sovereign has now had the chance of showing an example to all motorists who travel along what is euphemistically called "the King's highway." The fact that his Majesty's chauffeur never had an accident till last week is a proof of the great care which is exercised in the driving of royal motors; and this is the more interesting inasmuch as the Sovereign alone in these realms is subject to no law as to speed,

and, further, is not compelled to carry a number on his car. But in all ways affecting the welfare of those about him, both known and unknown, the King sets each of us an excellent example, and long before his accession numerous anecdotes current in Society testified both to his and to his beautiful Consort's consideration and care for others. This is specially shown when their Majesties are acting as host and hostess of one old or infirm.

Memoirs, Royal and Other.

The excitement raised by the Hohenlohe Memoirs reminds one that several most interesting royal journals and biographies are on the eve of being published. The first of these forthcoming volumes is expected eagerly by military folk, for it will contain selections of the late Duke of Cambridge's voluminous and outspoken correspondence. Then it is whispered that the Emperor Frederick's diary is in safe keeping in this country, and that the day may be not far distant when it will be published, if not in its entirety, then in sufficiently complete form to give the correct answer to many an historical enigma. The first royal personage to publish what may be called outspoken Memoirs was the old Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Queen Victoria's brother-in-law; but it is a curious fact that no authoritative Life of the first German Emperor—that is, of Bismarck's friend and master—has yet been published. Few people are aware that Royal personages are very fond of publishing, privately, both collections of letters and brief memoirs. It is to be hoped that Queen Victoria's letters to her half-sister—a volume presented by the late Sovereign to many of her intimate friends—will some day be given to the world; and the same may be said concerning a touching book containing letters of Prince Henry of Battenberg, privately printed by Princess Beatrice soon after her beloved husband's death.

An Early November Bridal.

Next Saturday a wedding which will very probably be graced by the attendance of royalty takes place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The bride, Miss May Cavendish Bentinck, is not only one of the daughters of a popular couple who can count themselves among the Sovereign's favourite hosts, but she has herself received a charming autograph letter from the King, and the very special favour of having her marriage celebrated in a chapel reserved, in a matrimonial sense, for those directly connected with the Court. Saturday's bridegroom is good-looking Mr. John Ford, himself a rising diplomatist, and the son of the late Ambassador, Sir Clare Ford. His bride is one of the many girls now in the London world who are half-American, for Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck was a Miss Livingstone, of New York, and her twin sister is Mrs. Ogden Mills. Miss May

Cavendish Bentinck is a noted amateur actress, and has also a very fine voice; she has often helped her mother to entertain royal house-parties at Highcliffe Castle, near Christchurch, and in Mr. Cavendish Bentinck's stately town house in Richmond Terrace, Whitehall.

Genius and Solitude.

La Duse, who has been making a long stay in Paris, has a horror of being alone, more especially when she is travelling. The other day she found that she had to go to Milan. Her maid having departed for Vienna, La Duse was faced with the ordeal of having to make the journey alone. She spent several hours in running about Paris trying to find a travelling companion, and eventually succeeded in securing the good offices of a sympathetic English lady. Caruso, the singer, is of the same temperament, having a horror of solitude. He is always accompanied by some friend, who arranges travelling and other details for him, gives him good advice, and takes all responsibility from his shoulders. Even that dominant personality, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, is afflicted with the same sense of loneliness when left to her own resources. When working up her rôles, she likes to have someone to bear her company. And her robing-room at the theatre is a real *salle de réception*. It will probably be found that this horror of solitude is the commonest characteristic of the artistic genius.

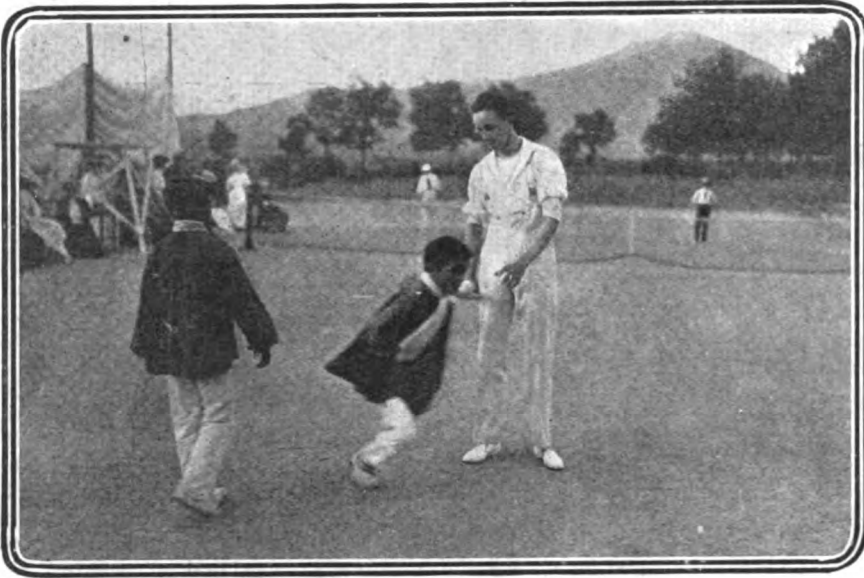


MLLE. GARDEN
AS APHRODITE.

HOW THE DRESSMAKER'S ADAPTATION OF THE COSTUME WORN BY THE BEAUTY OF OLD GREECE SUITS THE BEAUTY OF TO-DAY.

The production of "Aphrodite" in Paris has caused something in the nature of a revival of the fashions of ancient Greece. Society women, however, deem it better to wear an adaptation of the old dress rather than that dress itself. Our photographs show Miss Mary Garden as Aphrodite, and a lady wearing the new gown. Now that we have the "Virgin Goddess" in London, it is thought possible that the Greek idea of dress may also become popular here.

Photographs by Bayer.



THE KING OF SPAIN AND HIS TENNIS-BALL RETRIEVERS.

The dress of the boys whose business it is to recover the balls is worth noting.

Photograph by Nuevo Mundo.

Sham Chivalry in Germany.

That the Hohenlohe Memoirs would lead to a duel was but to be expected. The brutal folly of the duel appeals to the German mind because it is prohibited by a law which it is safe to disobey but not to observe. The Kaiser's famous rescript abolishing duelling seven years ago has proved the most fatuous edict of his reign. Three young officers who were about to be promoted were blackballed because, as Catholics, they were opposed to duelling. Lieutenant Feldhaus was libelled a little while ago by a man, against whom he proceeded by legal process. The defendant was condemned to pay the heaviest statutory fine. But Feldhaus was dismissed the army because he had not defied the law and fought a duel. The matter afterwards came before the Reichstag, and a statement was read from Prince Buelow, the Kaiser's mouthpiece. Any further restrictions as to duelling must be sought by means of the Penal Code, he said. Meantime, German officers could not tolerate in their midst any man who was not prepared, if need be, to defend his honour weapon in hand. So run the law and its non-fulfilment where the Kaiser is lord.

Bhotean.

Bhotean, the magnificent Tibetan mastiff whose portrait we give on this page, was exhibited at the recent Crystal Palace Dog Show by Major Dougall, of Selton Hall, Northallerton. He is the only specimen in the country, took the first prize in the foreign class, with a special silver cup, was the sensation of the show, and was purchased by Sir William Ingram. Bhotean will be four years old next spring. He was bought for Major Dougall at the sacred city, Lassa, and taken to India in 1904 with the Tibet Expedition; in 1905 Major Dougall imported him to this country. He weighs 145 lb., and stands 26 in. at shoulder. He travelled from Northallerton in a special box, with twenty-two pounds of raw beef and as much Spratt's biscuits. Women and children are perfectly safe with him, but his training has taught him to regard men as mortal enemies. It is the custom of the natives of Tibet to send these watch-dogs down to the plains with their women and children, where they trade with musk, borax, etc. Bhotean's parents were notable dogs, and his sire has the reputation of having killed unaided a full-grown panther.

Suffragettes of Other Days.

The irate females who continue to "let down" their sex at Westminster are not the first nor the best-bred women who have run amok in the Houses of Parliament. A fair Quaker once got up and roundly rated the House upon extravagant dress. There followed excursions and alarums over that, but these were nothing compared with the excitement aroused by the refusal of the Lords to admit ladies to

their deliberations early in the eighteenth century. The Duchess of Cleveland headed the fair army of invasion. "She pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer (the Lord Chancellor)," we are told, and ordered him to let them go upstairs privately. After modest refusals, he swore by G—he would not, and she swore with as noble warmth by G—that he should. The doors of the House were closed, so that the ladies might be starved out. From nine in the morning until five in the afternoon the ladies stood there, breaking silence now and again by thumps and kicks at the door. At last it was thought they were gone. The doors were flung open and—in rushed the ladies. They took their seats, and for the next six hours gave vent to their feelings "not only by nods and winks (which have always been allowed), but by noisy laughs and apparent contempts." So acted our great-great-grandmothers.

The New French Premier.

M. Georges Clemenceau is one of those wonderful men who can sleep when he wants to. In that he resembles Sarah Bernhardt and the late Mr. Gladstone, not to speak of Napoleon, who could take a refreshing nap when riding on horseback. The French Prime Minister drops off to sleep at any odd moment—in his carriage, in his private office at the Ministry of the Interior, and even at meetings of the Cabinet. Yet it need hardly be said that he is wideawake enough at the critical moment. This ability to sleep how and when he will is one of the secrets of his tremendous powers of resistance. He can work twice as much as any other man, and is never fatigued. When campaigning in the south of France the other day, he wore out everybody—secretaries, reporters, and chairmen; but at the end of fifty speeches delivered in the inside of a week, he still came up fresh and smiling. You cannot knock out a man like that, can you? Clemenceau speaks English perfectly, but reluctantly. He resists attempts to draw him into the language of Shakespeare, feeling, perhaps, that his accent is not quite perfect. He learnt English in America, where he went as a very young man.

Sailor and Poet Too.

The last survivor of the Battle of Navarino has just died at Toulon, at the age of ninety-three. His name was Louis Pélabon; he was born at Toulon, and was a cabin-boy on board the *Sirène* when the battle took place. After leaving the Navy he got a berth at the port of Toulon, and although he had scarcely any education he wrote a number of poems in the Provençal dialect which were well thought of by no less a judge than Frédéric Mistral. In his way Pélabon was quite a celebrity, and under the Empire he was several times noticed and rewarded by the Emperor and the Government.



THE CLASSICAL PRACTICAL JOKER AS A STATUE. THE TILL EULENSPIEGEL FOUNTAIN IN BRUNSWICK.

The fountain, or well, was recently unveiled at Brunswick. Till Eulenspiegel, in whose memory it has been raised, was born at Kneitlingen, in Brunswick, and after spending his youth in the town of his birth, went adventure-seeking through Europe. He was noted for his pranks, and the story of these has been read by young and old for six centuries. It will be remembered that his career has been dealt with in musical form by Richard Strauss.



FROM THE FORBIDDEN CITY OF LASSA: THE MAGNIFICENT TIBETAN MASTIFF, BHOTEAN.

Bhotean was purchased for Major Dougall in the sacred city of Lassa, and was bought at the Crystal Palace by Sir William Ingram. His training has taught him to be quiet with women and children, but he looks upon man as his mortal enemy.

Photograph by Barten, Sen, and Co.



A "V.C." RANKER WHO HAS BEEN PROMOTED
LIEUTENANT: LIEUTENANT WILLIAM JOHN
ENGLISH, OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS.

Lieutenant English was a lance-corporal in the 2nd Dragoon Guards, and has just been given a commission in the Army Service Corps. He served with the 2nd Scottish Horse, in which he was a lieutenant, during the South African War, and received his V.C. for exceptional gallantry in fetching ammunition under heavy fire at Vlakfontein. He was personally decorated by the Prince of Wales.

Photograph by Topical Press.

especially at Cannes, where she owns a beautiful villa. Colonel Levkovitch is now Military Attaché at the Russian Embassy in Rome, and so it is to the Eternal City, and not to St. Petersburg, that the happy pair will proceed after their marriage.

Rocking Thrones. Malta is rocking. The seismograph shows that the island see-saws; its environs have rocked before, so much so that they have buried themselves in the sea, carrying with them the giant mammals and reptiles to whose outline only the pencil of Mr. E. T. Reed can now do justice. Metaphorically, Malta has rocked in history. It was there that the Knights of Malta withstood from the Turks one of the most terrific sieges on record. It is a little curious that the island should be troubled again now that the question of the Hanoverian crown is once more agitating Europe. One of the greatest crimes of Napoleon,

An Anglo-Russian Alliance. One of the smartest of early November weddings is of especial interest, because the bride, Miss Evie Green, is a pretty British heiress, and the bridegroom, Colonel Paul Goudime Levkovitch, is a distinguished Russian officer belonging to the Diplomatic Service. Miss Green is an orphan, and both her parents, Captain Philip Green and the late Lady Camden, were marked personalities in Victorian society. Miss Green is a half-sister of Lord Camden and of Lady Clementine Walsh, but she has lived a great deal in France, and

in the eyes of the Prussians, was his invasion, after the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, of Hanover. He explained that its Elector was an English Prince, and the invasion of Hanover was that he might hold it as a hostage for the evacuation of Malta. The French did have it, let us remember. Napoleon himself led the force which captured it from the Knights. They lasted only two years. Nelson starved them into surrender.

Gushing Gold. An impecunious farmer in Pennsylvania has suddenly struck oil on his farm, which is "gushing" him



AWAITING EVENTUALITIES IN RUSSIA: MR.
JULIUS PRICE, SPECIAL ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT
OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

Mr. Julius Price, the well-known war correspondent and war artist, has just left England for Russia, there to await eventualities on behalf of the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. Price knows his Russia exceptionally well, and was with the Russian army in Manchuria during the Russo-Japanese War. Everything of interest sent to England by him will be published in the *Illustrated London News*.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

liquid wealth at the rate of £16 an hour. That is a British-made fortune for him. When men now middle-aged were in their infancy, there was no such thing as a petroleum industry. A little spring came bubbling into the light at Riddings, in Derbyshire. Its owner was so lucky as to have for brother-in-law Lyon Playfair, King Edward's tutor in science. Playfair saw that the product was petroleum. He arranged for a poor friend, James Young, a schoolfellow of Livingstone, to develop the spring. It yielded only 300 gallons a day, but Young worked it as long as it lasted, and when it was exhausted, set about exploring for more. The story of his struggles, trials, and ultimate triumph is written in the history of our national commerce. But it was his efforts and his success which led to the exploration of American and Russian oil-fields; his methods which were put in practice to make men richer than ever men in the world have been before.



TO MARRY COLONEL PAUL GOUDIME LEVKOVITCH:
MISS EVIE GREEN.

Miss Green is a daughter of the late Captain Green and the late Lady Camden. Her marriage to Colonel Levkovitch, of the Russian Embassy in Rome, will take place on November 7.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



RESTING INSIDE A BALLOON: A PARTY OF AERONAUTS PHOTOGRAPHED
INSIDE A HOT-AIR BALLOON AT COLD ASH.

Photograph supplied by Hamilton and Co.



UNCLE SAM'S NEW NEPHEWS: SWEARING-IN NEW CITIZENS OF THE
UNITED STATES AT THE NATURALISATION BUREAU, NEW YORK.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

BEAVERS AND BEAVERAGES.

FRANK RICHARDSON ON "THE SHAVER'S CALENDAR."*

MR. F. SIDGWICK is a bright and brainy man. Also, he appears to be a ripe scholar and a deep thinker. With extraordinary skill he has produced a "Shaver's Calendar"—a volume consisting of 365 excellent conceits, chosen



It is a patent safety-razor, a cross between a garden-roller and a rat-trap.

from English poets and dramatists. Further, he is a man of courage. While thanking several friends for contributing quotations, and helping him in other ways, he admits that the blame is entirely his. Assisted by his loyal fellow-workers, he has ransacked our literature, with the result that he has placed before the public in a convenient form a Calendar in which one may read every day some beautiful thought about beards.

Everybody who knows anything at all about beards knows that a bearded man is technically a "beaver," while a beard is, to the expert, a "beverage."

When I received this volume for the purposes of review from *The Sketch* I was over-

joyed. Here was an easy method of acquiring a vast number of excerpts which would be useful in conversation, by the employment of which one could shine at one's club.

A day or two ago, before shaving, I learnt the maxim of the day, which comes from W. S. Gilbert (himself a wearer of cotton-wool whiskerettes).

Man, however well behaved,
At best is only a monkey shaved.

Down went the razor on the left-hand side of my face. It is a patent safety-razor, a cross between a garden-roller and a rat-trap. By means of repeating this charming verse I made my morning shave a luxury. Automatically, while dressing, I continued to repeat the couplet. In reply to the question at breakfast as to whether I would take liver-and-bacon or poached eggs, I replied, "Man, however well behaved," and so on. This did not help things one iota. At the office of the Bakerloo Tube, instead of saying I wanted a ticket to Piccadilly Circus, I told the clerk, confidentially, exactly what man, however well behaved, was.



I told the clerk, confidentially, exactly what man, however well behaved, was.



I replied, "Man, however well behaved," and so on.

wagtail. And I'm quite sure, if I had had a grey beard, he would not have spared it.

From these two experiences I began to doubt the practical utility of the Calendar. It may be that I did not use it in the right way.

Perhaps one should read the Calendar right through. I am now trying to read it right through. Somehow it lacks coherence. "All his cushions are stuffed with beards. Pray dip your whiskers. I have lost my beard. The first that was shaven every day was Scipio Africanus. Whose cheeks are now absorbed by whisker."

The thing seems to lack plot. But, after all, perhaps a Calendar is not supposed to have a plot. It is like a musical comedy.

The more I think of it, the less practical does this work appear to be. It is therefore just possible that it is a work of art. And a work of art shouldn't be useful. Regarded as a work of art, it is disfigured by one or two germs of utility. Though I have devoted years to the study of whiskerature, and am familiar with all the synonyms for whiskers, such as cutlets, mutton-chops, fungi, ear-



I said to him gravely, "Spare my grey beard, wagtail."



Perhaps one should read the Calendar right through.

muffs, hold-alls, Clarkelets, let-us-prays, whiskerettes, book-markers, ear-guards, side-boards, weepers, weathercocks, collaborators, and face-fins, I am not so good at beards. I did not know that Massinger and Dekker alluded to the beard as "a growing mischief" which should be grubbed up by the roots. I was never aware that in "Henry VI." Shakspeare, when writing, "How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd," referred to face-moss, or that Shelley classed a chin whisker as a "loathsome mask."

One is reminded by Mr. Sidgwick of the great improvement that barbers have of late years shown in their art. One is familiar with the old pictures of the operation, wherein the shavee was held by the nose by the shaver. Apparently, there existed people to whom this form of nasal massage was a pleasure. In Hone's "Table Talk" I read—

For my own part, I would not lose the daily elevation of my tender nose by the velvet-tipped digits of my barber—no, not for an independence!

A curious whim of old man Hone!

As some slight return for the delight which Mr. Sidgwick's volume has given me, I can supply him with an interesting fact, whose omission from this volume proves that the author was ignorant of it.

The late Queen once wrote to the First Lord of the Admiralty thus: "The Queen thanks Mr. Childers very much for his communication on the subject of beards. She thinks the order will do extremely well. Her own personal feeling would be for the beards without the moustaches, as the latter have rather a soldierlike appearance; but then the object in view would not be obtained—viz., to prevent the necessity for shaving. Therefore, it had better be as proposed, the entire beard, only it should be kept short and very clean." Six days later, she wrote from Windsor Castle: "The Queen wishes to make one additional observation respecting the beards—viz., that on no account should moustaches be allowed without beards. That must be clearly understood."

This scholarly volume should be in every shaving-saloon.



One is familiar with the old pictures of the operation.

* "The Shaver's Calendar," by F. Sidgwick. (A. H. Bullen, 47, Great Russell Street, W.C. 1s. net.)

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE SUFFRAGETTE.



MRS. DORA MONTEFIORE (JOURNALIST),
ARRESTED, AND NOW IN HOLLOWAY.

Photograph by Park.



MISS ADELA E. M. PANKHURST (SCHOOL-TEACHER),
ARRESTED, THE "HEROINE" OF A SCENE IN
THE DOCK, AND NOW IN HOLLOWAY.

Photograph by Bolak.



MISS IRENE MILLER (ARTIST), ARRESTED,
AND NOW IN HOLLOWAY.

Photograph by Park.



A GROUP OF SUFFRAGETTES EJECTED FROM THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, SHOWING MISS MILLER (THE SECOND ON THE LEFT)
AND MISS BILLINGTON (THE THIRD ON THE LEFT).

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE WHOSE HUSBAND IS
PAYING £10 A DAY TO THE SUFFRAGETTES'
FUNDS WHILE HIS WIFE IS IN PRISON.



MISS THERESA BILLINGTON (ORGANISER),
ARRESTED, AND NOW IN HOLLOWAY.

Photographs by Bolak.



MRS. PANKHURST, SECRETARY OF THE
WOMEN'S SOCIAL AND POLITICAL UNION,
TWO OF WHOSE DAUGHTERS WENT TO GAOL.

The Suffragettes' visit to the House of Commons led to the appearance of ten demonstrators at Westminster Police Court—ten demonstrators who resolutely refused to find surety or be bound over, did their best to create "scenes," and have been despatched to Holloway.



AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

A Soul for a Dollar.

Lotteries in connection with Irish churches are not uncommon. That now promoted by a Dublin church is distinguished by the character of its prizes. A mosaic given by the Pope, a herd of cattle and a flock of sheep, are rewards which should satisfy the acquisitiveness of pious speculators. But these prizes are not the most remarkable which have been offered in a church lottery. That distinction surely belongs to a church in Mexico. Only the spiritual satisfaction of facilitating the passage to Paradise of souls lingering in dark places was offered. The appeal seems to have been quite strong enough, judging by an advertisement running while the lottery was in progress: "No. 340. The soul of James Vasquey has been delivered from Purgatory, and has arrived at Paradise. Nos. 41 and 762. The souls of Madame Calderon and the old widow Francesca de Parras have equally been delivered from Purgatory, and have entered into Paradise. The next drawing will take place at the Church of St. Saviour on Jan. 1, and the winning numbers will release four martyred souls from Purgatory, with free right of entering into Paradise. Tickets, at the price of one dollar each, can be purchased from present date." Who shall say that only the Americans can write sensational and alluring advertisements?

"Starvation,"

America's Invention.

The point at issue in a current discussion is as to whether poverty exists on the other side of the Atlantic, notably in Canada. Those who deny the existence of the condition might soon satisfy themselves upon the point by adopting the course proposed by a Parisian who sought to celebrate the acquisition of a small fortune. His project was to give a meal to the poor of Paris. "How much would it cost?" he asked in the proper quarter. "One hundred thousand francs," was the answer which drove him in sorrow away. Whatever the facts as to the material condition of our kin across the waters, it is a striking fact that the Americans gave us the saddest word in the language—"starvation." No dictionary published in Britain before the reign of Queen Victoria knew the word. Spades were spades before Webster made his dictionary, only, so far as hunger went, we did not until his day call them by their brutal name.

The Pope's Twenty Thousand Letters a Day. make the prelates at the Vatican tremble.

The "Papal appeal to the world" must

The Vatican letter-bag is probably the heaviest in the world. His friends were rather staggered when Archbishop Davidson

That, at any rate, is Papal law. But there must be a way round, for a staff of prelates works day and night preparing the letters and papers for the Cardinals, who will select those which the Pope must see.

Record Sleepers.

A rare opportunity is afforded the scientists of Berlin by the continued somnolence of the gentleman there who went to sleep twenty-eight months ago, and still disregards the alarm. It has never yet been ascertained how long a person can sleep—the remorseless voice which calls us in the morning prevents even the remotest approach to full satisfaction on the subject. Where sleeps ends and hypnotism begins is a problem beyond the layman. The Indian fakir seems to know

as much as anybody of the subject. Sir Claude Wade saw a native buried alive at Lahore, and saw him dug up and restored to consciousness months afterwards. Every precaution had been taken in the meantime to prevent anyone from disturbing the grave. We have had some remarkable sleepers in our own country, but America is the real home of the very drowsy ones. Rachel Baker, a religious enthusiast of Pelham, Mass., used to preach in her sleep, and crowds flocked to hear her. The record runs that she was instrumental in converting more people to Christianity when asleep than all the other ministers together while awake.

The Sad Dénouement.

Lying in sleep deeper than, if not so protracted as this of the wonder of Berlin, many a man has been in this country declared dead, if the grim records of a society interested in the subject may be believed. It must be disappointing for these unfortunates, on awakening, to read their obituaries. We all remember the epigram—

"He's gone at last—old Niger's dead!"

Last night 'twas said throughout the city.
Each quidnunc gravely shook his head,
And half the town cried, "What a pity!"
The news proved false—'twas all a cheat;
The morning came the fact denying;
And all the town to-day repeat
What half the town last night was crying.

Clearly in such case the modern Niger will include himself among the Better Dead.



A TIGER'S HEAD.

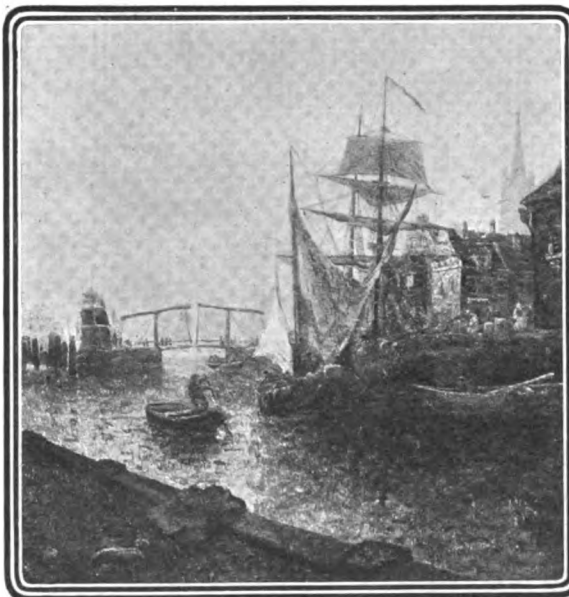
mentioned that the first two days following his appointment brought him fifteen hundred letters. But what is that compared with the twenty thousand letters and papers, to say nothing of parcels and telegrams, which are delivered at the Vatican every day of the year? How the Pope manages to deal with such a mountain of correspondence is a mystery. If a letter addressed to him, "His Holiness the Pope, Prefect of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition," be opened by other hands than his, the person performing the office is liable to excommunication.



A GROUP OF FRUIT.



A SPRAY OF ROSES.



A RIVER SCENE.

REMARKABLE NEEDLEWORK: PICTURES IN COLOURED SILKS.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



WHALING FOR FUN AT A FEW SHILLINGS A DAY.

People in Cape Town, being fond of novel sport, frequently spend a few shillings in boat-hire and go for a day's whaling in the surf of False Bay. The whale shown was killed in the bay a few weeks ago. It was seen spouting near land, and was "stalked" by fishermen, to whom it contrived to give an exciting time before it had to give up the ghost. The body was towed to the beach of Muizenburg.

Photograph by Halfones, Limited.



HUNTING THE PORPOISE FOR EATING RAW.

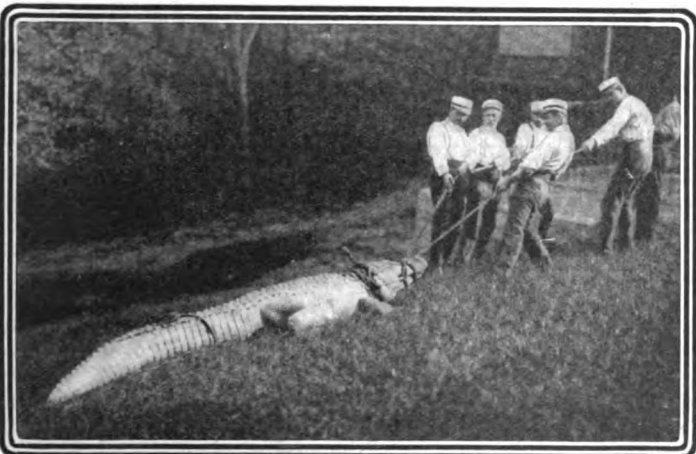
A good deal of raw fish and flesh is eaten in Japan. One well-known writer tells how he saw two lightly clad runners dash past him in mid-winter, each carrying on his shoulders a live fish wrapped in straw. "Epicures in Hamamatsu," he says, "like to eat fish fresh from the net within an hour of capture, and human legs take the place of the lightning express." Our photograph shows Japanese cutting up a porpoise.

Photograph by the Keystone View Company.



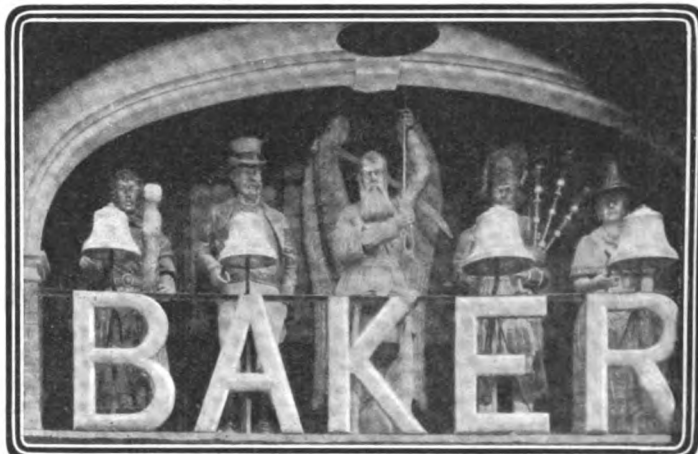
A BABY ELEPHANT ENTERTAINED AT TEA BY THE AMERICAN ACTRESS, MRS. EDNA WALLACE HOPPER.

Mrs. Hopper recently invited nearly forty of her friends in New York to afternoon tea, in her studio apartment at No. 28, West Thirty-Third Street. In the midst of the entertainment the hostess announced that she had a surprise for her guests. The door was then opened, and a baby elephant, "Little Hip," from the New York Hippodrome, was led in by his trainer, having climbed five flights of stairs without apparently injuring himself or the staircase. The entrance of the elephant was the signal for much fun, and all present vied with each other in offering him cake, popcorn, peanuts, tea, and even highballs.



A 165-YEAR-OLD ALLIGATOR.

The alligator, which is twelve feet long, is to be seen at the New York "Zoo," and is said to be not less than 165 years old. Our photograph shows the method adopted for moving him.—[Photograph from "Lestie's Weekly."]



A UNIQUE SHOP-SIGN IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

The sign is over a baker's shop in Gloucester. Father Time, in the centre, has on his right England and Ireland, and on his left Scotland and Wales. These four figures strike the time of day.—[Photograph by W. H. Knowles.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE CHARITY THAT BEGAN AT HOME" AND "THE VIRGIN GODDESS."

LAST Tuesday the critics had an interesting and rather fatiguing day. First, at the Court Theatre, there was Mr. St. John Hankin's comedy with the clumsy title of "The Charity that Began at Home," clever, amusing, and a little disappointing; then Mr. Rudolf Besier's remarkably successful attempt at Greek drama, called "The Virgin Goddess," given in the Adelphi Theatre. Mr. Hankin's work is rather disappointing because his other plays had led one to expect a more finely finished comedy. The faults were unexpected; let it be added that they are far outweighed by the merits. Still, we had too long an act of exposition—indeed, two long acts of exposition—in which a number of eccentric characters intended to be humorously tiresome gradually became tiresomely tiresome, before reaching two acts of admirable comedy a little marred by the curtain to the third act, in which the tiresome people are got rid of by a step on the part of Mr. Verreker that seems quite out of his character. Whether or not Mr. Hankin has written his play as a "skit upon altruism" I cannot say, nor do I care. In reality, he has taken a set of people—three of them remarkably unselfish and unworldly, and two of them of the children of Mammon—and brought them into contact, with the result that those "on the side of the angels" learn a little useful wisdom, whilst one of the others is brought to see that there may be a joy even in self-sacrifice. The scene in which the worldly Hugh Verreker induces the charming, pretty, unselfish heiress to break off her engagement with him because he comes to know that she would be unhappy as his wife is very fine.

I see that one critic calls this an "unhappy ending," but I do not take such a supreme view of the beauty of matrimony as to think a miserable marriage better than the rupture of an engagement between ill-suited people. It is possible that Mr. Hankin has not crossed his "t's" thickly enough; otherwise the critic would hardly have failed to see that Verreker really knew that, whilst capable of one heroic short act of sacrifice when urged to it by love, he was quite incapable of the long series of sacrifices of his natural instincts demanded by marriage with a girl of such strenuous goodness as Margery. Possibly, too, the author should have made it clearer that she was not in love with Hugh, but in love with love and with the idea of redeeming him, and therefore would suffer little from a rupture which might lead her to a happy marriage with Hylton.

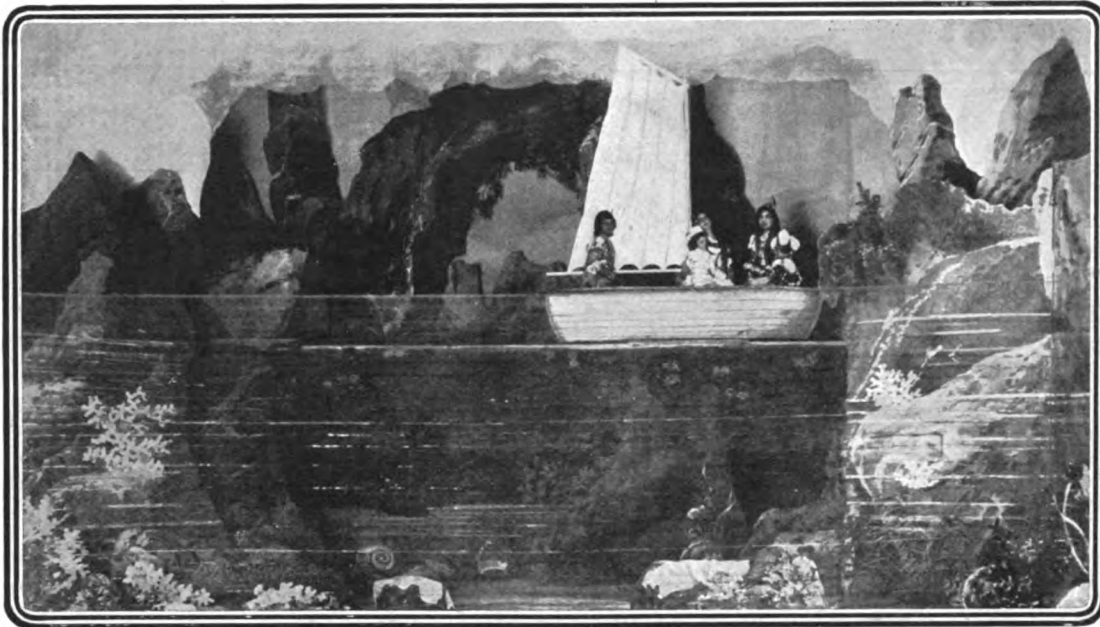
The play is curious, one might almost say original, in technique, and the humours of the characters, the unpleasant guests of Margery and her mother, invited because other people shunned them, are distinctly daring. Yet for a while they are very telling. Still, it is a fault that one is left for a long time uncertain how far these people are mere atmosphere or really concerned with the play. It is at least doubtful whether the episode of Soames the Butler and Anson the lady's maid is quite necessary or desirable, although it furnishes matter for an excellent curtain. Even if the early parts are rather

disappointing, the play is true comedy, with some admirable character-drawing, and an idea finely, though rather too subtly, handled. It acts well. The audience was in a constant bubble of laughter over the quaint, philanthropic mother, exquisitely presented by Miss Florence Haydon; and the deliberately comic characters, well rendered by Miss Agnes Thomas, Miss Lizzie Henderson, Mr. Dennis Eadie, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn, were very amusing. Mr. Ben Webster acted admirably as Verreker, Miss May Martyn was charming as Margery, and an able performance was given by Mr. Bert Thomas as a sincere philanthropic priest of the "Religion of Humanity"—no connection, apparently, with Comte or Mr. Frederic Harrison.

"The Virgin Goddess" had an enthusiastic reception, and everyone must hope that it will run well. The new dramatist,

Mr. Besier, has had a striking success in a task of great ease and difficulty—ease if attempted humbly, difficulty when, like Mr. Besier, you observe the "unities" and shun support from in-essentials. The case is really one for praise and encouragement, even if personal feelings cause one rather to hope that the able young writer "won't do it again." That is strictly an expression of personal feeling, since I recognise the fact that the audience was deeply moved, even thrilled, by an ambitious and severe work. As to the verse, the

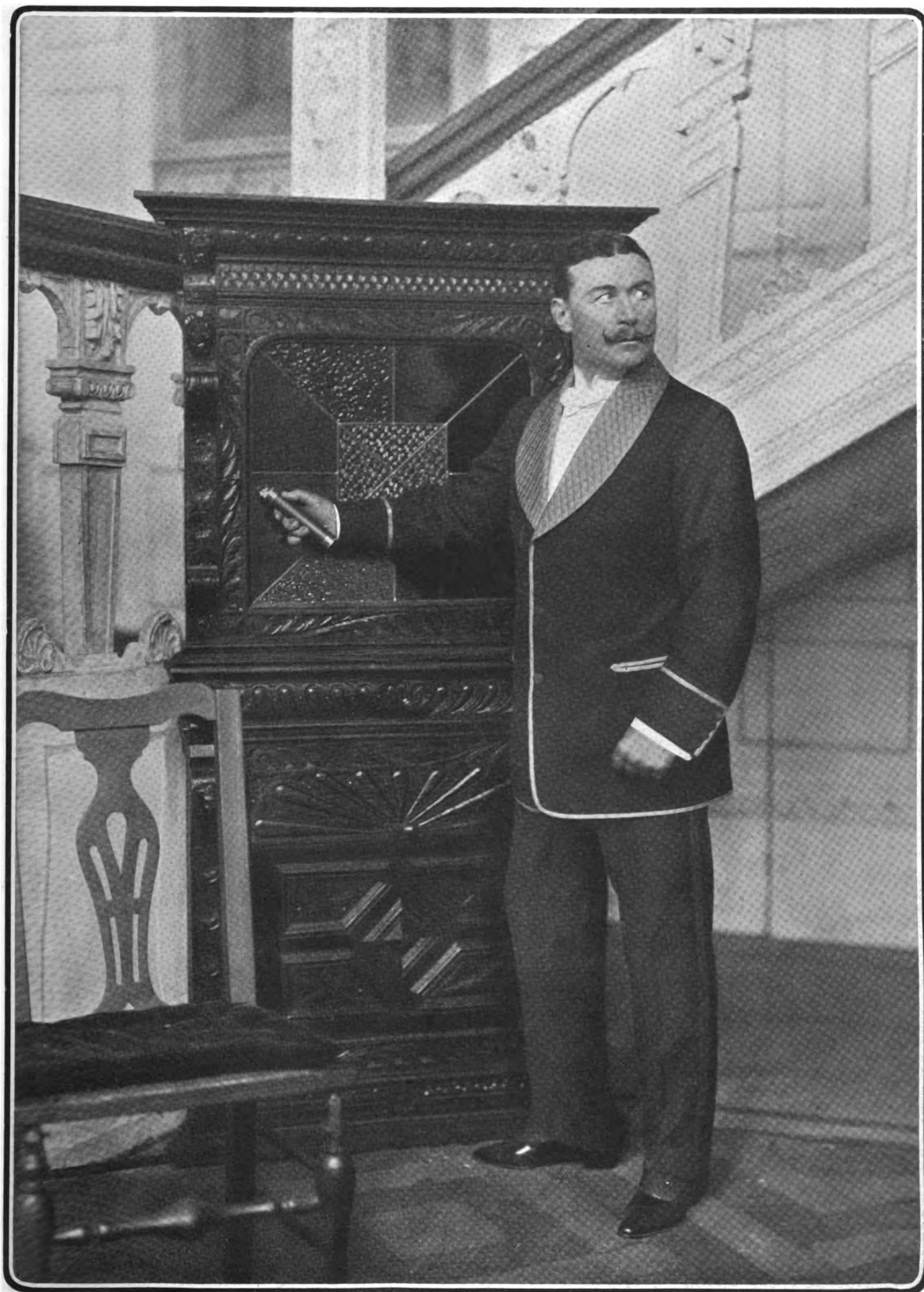
fluent, sometimes striking verse, it is better not to speak till after perusal, and then the task of judgment is for the literary critic; but anyone with the scrip can see that there are some unhappy colloquial phrases and stale figures of speech to be removed. I think I was somewhat ill affected by the acting, or, rather, by the personality of the chief player. "The Virgin Goddess" might almost be called a "star" play for an actor. Mr. Oscar Asche, the Haephestion, who kills his brother the King believing that he commits the fearful act from motives of patriotism, and then finds that passion for his brother's wife was the impulse of his deed, and afterwards is commanded by Artemis to slay the woman, is a big male part, but not necessarily a part for a big male. Mr. Asche played with much skill and a great deal of power; nevertheless, one could not picture him as for a long time votary of the chaste, rather prudish goddess, and his passion for Althea had inevitably a very human and non-classic-drama air. One felt that the tragedy of the play lay deeper; but for desire to avoid "Phèdre," probably Mr. Besier would have made Aphrodite inspire the love as a trick upon Artemis. At any rate, to me—and perhaps to me alone—his performance, despite its ability, seemed the performance of the wrong actor. Miss Brayton acted very well the rather monotonous part of Althea, and Miss Genevieve Ward thrilled the house by the pathos of her work as the blind mother—rather a pity to heighten the tragedy by the easy employment of the blindness. Mr. Brydone gave a clever study of the craven King. Mr. Hampden, the leader of the chorus, was very impressive. Personal likes or dislikes apart, the drama is really strong and quite wonderful as a first work, and well deserves a visit.



AN INTERESTING STAGE-SETTING: "ORTRUN AND ILSEBILL," AT THE THALIA THEATRE, HAMBURG—THE FOURTH ACT.

"Ortrun and Ilsebill" is by Otto Ernst, and is a version of the fairy-story of "The Ever-Hungry Fisherwoman."
Photograph by Jaap.

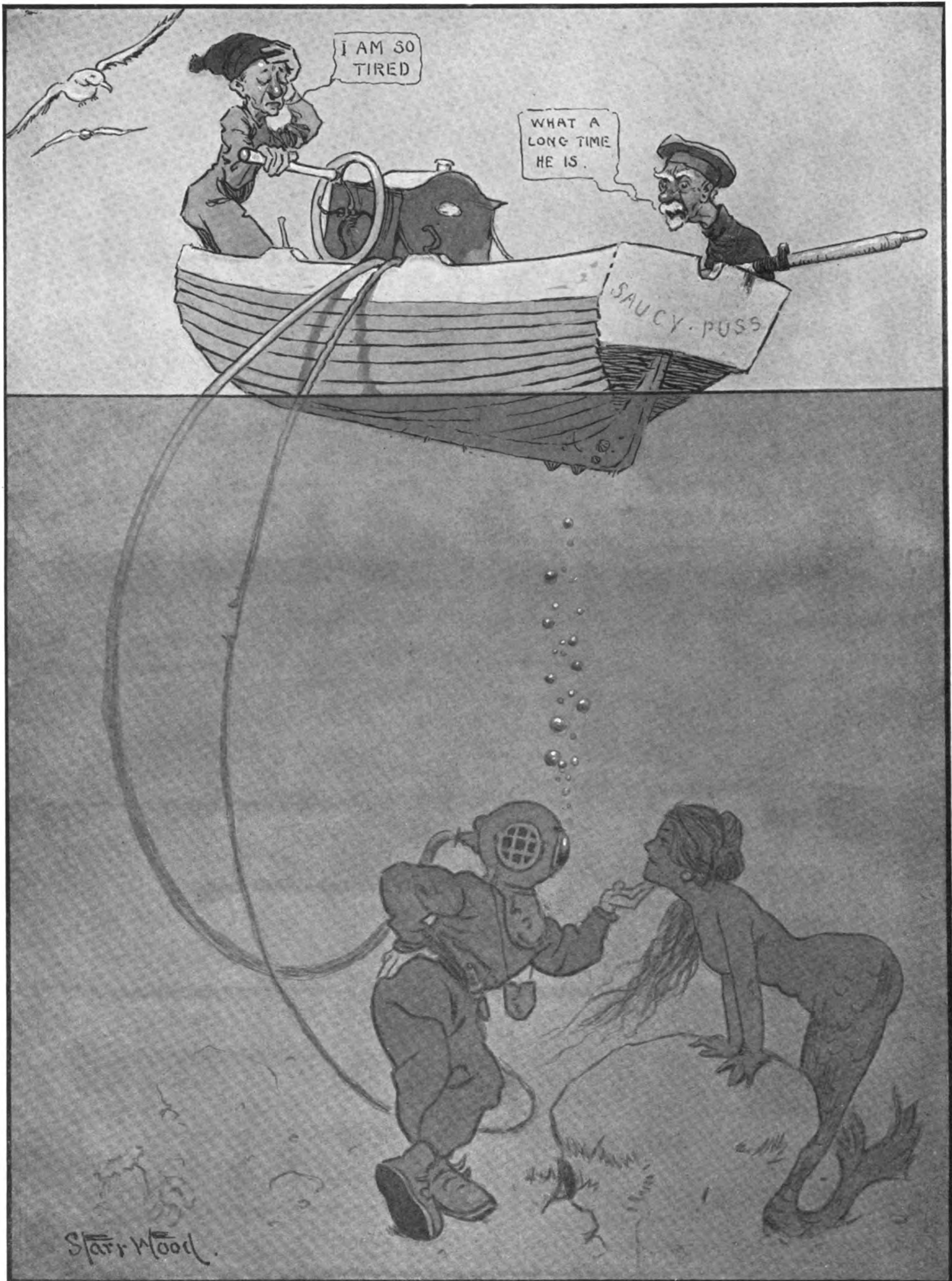
"THE CRICKETER-CRACKSMAN" IN THE PROVINCES.



MR. LEONARD BOYNE AS RAFFLES IN "RAFFLES," ON TOUR.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

TREASURE-TROVE—NOT AT TOBERMORY.

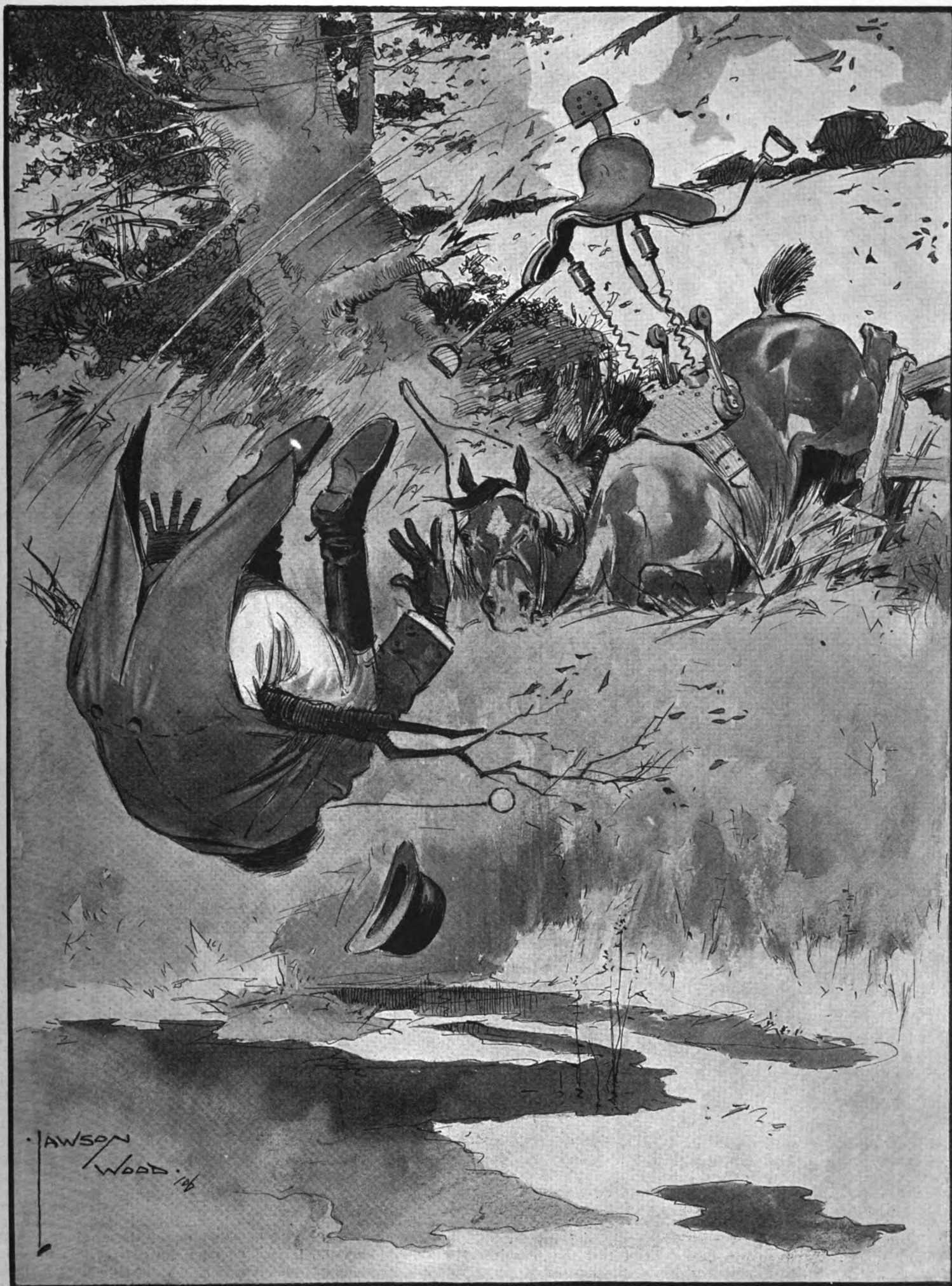


IT IS NOT ALWAYS SUNKEN TREASURE THAT KEEPS THE DIVER SO LONG BELOW.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

Edison Juggins, the Greatest Inventor of the Age.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



II.—THE EDISON JUGGINS TOUCH-AND-GO SAFETY-SADDLE.

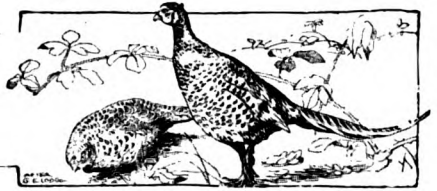
Mr. Edison Juggins, who is well known in the hunting-field, was asked recently to invent a saddle that would enable a rider to fall clear of his horse. Mr. E. J. tested his patent in the presence of our Artist, and it must be acknowledged that the invention carries all before it.

N.B.—Mr. Edison Juggins (no connection with the other Edison), the self-styled greatest inventor of the age, here presents humanity with the results of years of brain-wearing patent-creating. All his more important patents will be illustrated in our pages.



WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.



*Mushrooms, with
a Pheasant
Foundation.*

It is to be feared that the law has not mended its manners since the far-off days when Mr. Sam Weller, speaking from the depths of his convictions, declared it an ass. There are certain regulations ruling in the countryside that are systematically abused by persons whose instincts are dishonest. For example, it is fairly well known that you may go where you please in pursuit of mushrooms. The law presumes that the mushrooms have grown up upon your land without any effort upon your part to promote their growth; consequently, they are regarded as though they were wild flowers, and he who likes to enter your meadow and fill his basket with them is at perfect liberty to do so. Where the meadows reach to the edge of a well-preserved covert, it will be seen that the present state of the law comes as a boon and a blessing to the poacher, who finds himself, for once in his life, able to skirt rich preserved plantations and to carry a big basket with him almost unproved. Two or three weeks ago, a friend of mine came

length of time, and very many poor and honest people benefit considerably by collecting them.

*The Gamekeeper's
Bird-Sentinels.*

Naturally enough, the gamekeeper is on the alert in spring and autumn when the mushrooms make their appearance, and he knows that danger threatens his pheasants at the later date, when there has been no shooting on a big scale, and when, perhaps, hand-reared birds are going about the land with full confidence in mankind, and without suspicion of their approaching end. Of course the keeper cannot be in several places at once, and men who poach and who are pretending to gather mushrooms have a fairly good idea of the keeper's hours and beats. Happily for the latter, he can rely to no small extent upon bird-sentinels. If he can hear blackbirds scolding, or jays screaming, if he sees one or two pheasants skimming over the tree-tops in evident alarm, if he sees wild-duck or even wood-pigeons circling high above their accustomed haunts, he knows pretty well



BIRDS AS THICK AS BEES: A FLOCK OF STARLINGS SETTLING DOWN FOR THE NIGHT.

Our Photograph was taken at Tring Reservoirs, and shows the birds settling down in their sleeping quarters.

Photograph by J. T. Newman.

suddenly upon a low-down-looking gentleman who carried a basket well covered with mushrooms. My friend has very keen sight and rather shrewd suspicions, and, as though by accident, he managed to knock the basket slightly as its owner passed him. There was no need to apologise; the shock dislodged a particularly modest layer of mushrooms and revealed a foundation of pheasant. The low-down gentleman didn't pause to argue or even to explain: he threw the basket down and bolted as hard as he could. A little study of the booty left behind revealed three pheasants that had been strangled in snares. The long tail-feathers had been removed, and the birds had been covered with mushrooms.

*The Public Right
and its Abuse.*

This is by no means an isolated instance; nearly every gamekeeper must have had similar experiences, and it is fairly safe to say that many a basket of mushrooms covers hares, rabbits, or birds. If it were proposed to allow landowners to close their fields to mushroom-gatherers, what an outcry there would be. Indignant Radicals would declare that the greed of landowners is growing quite intolerable. Socialists would proclaim at the top of their voices the dawn of the day when land must become the property of the State. Every kind of class-hatred would be exploited; but facts are stubborn things, and there can be no doubt that the pursuit of mushrooms, and even, to a far lesser extent, the pursuit of the blackberry, are made the excuse for poaching by the unscrupulous. Some wide-awake landowners have been known to put down mushroom spawn in their meadows and to put up notices stating that the mushrooms are cultivated and must be regarded as private property; but this is hardly a popular device, for mushrooms come and go very quickly; they will not keep for any

that there is some intrusion, and he deals with it promptly. Unfortunately for him, the poacher, in the exercise of his profession, is a very active man.

*The Tasty
Wood-Pigeon.*

Wood-pigeons are very plentiful now, and afford excellent sport. They are far too shy and strong on the wing to be taken freely without stratagem, although now and again, when the guns are waiting for a drive, a pigeon or two will pass over and will not see the well-screened enemy until it is too late; but the most effective plan is to use a decoy-bird or two. Some people use live birds, but this is cruel, because such a decoy must always be frightened by the gun-fire, and to force a living bird to attract others to their death does not seem right or proper. Moreover, a stuffed pigeon or two carefully placed will do all that is necessary. If you plant one or two on the bare branches of a tree, where they can be easily seen, and put one or two more on the ground before you scatter a few handfuls of maize, and retire to a screen some twenty yards away, you may get a splendid bag in all good pigeon country. The rapid flight of the pigeon, so baffling at other times, helps a man behind a screen, because pigeons fly so fast that the bird arriving two minutes after a gun has been fired has not heard the report; he was too far off for the sound to travel. It may be remarked that at this time of the year, when there is still some corn to be picked up on the stubbles, pigeons are delicious eating, and if your cook should chance to know how to stuff them properly, and stew them with olives, you will not grudge the few hours spent in their pursuit. Moreover, many of the pigeons will be young and tender, for these birds seem to think that any spell of warm, fine weather justifies the laying of eggs and the rearing of young; the seasons do not trouble them at all.

WOMAN'S WORRIES.



1. TRACES OF EMOTION CALL FOR THE RENOVATING AID OF POWDER AND PUFF.
3. HATPINS ARE NOTORIOUSLY UNRELIABLE, AND WILL INSIST ON SLIPPING.
5. IT IS NECESSARY TO BE WARY WHEN TAKING A SEAT, OR SOMEONE WILL TRIP OVER ONE'S SKIRT.

2. WHY WILL REBELLIOUS SHORT HAIRS ESCAPE FROM THE COMB?
4. PATENT HOOKS OR FASTENERS—WHAT GOOD ARE THEY? AN ABRUPT MOVEMENT UNDOES THEM, AND A GAPING SKIRT IS NOT BEAUTIFUL.
6. THE ART OF PULLING DOWN ONE'S VEIL REQUIRES FACIAL CONTORTION—THE NOSE, THE FOREHEAD, AND THE LIPS ALL PLAY A PART IN THE OPERATION.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IN the new number of the *Quarterly Review*, which is excellent in every way, we have the first serious attempt to estimate the art-work of the late Lady Dilke. Although Lady Dilke was well known in Society and invested with a special interest arising out of her remarkable experiences, nothing like full justice has been done to the claims which she established by persevering labour and brilliant gifts to the regard of serious students. Her first husband, Mark Pattison, told her early that if she wished to command respect, she must make herself the authority on some one subject that interested her. At that time her interests were very varied. They were concentrated in art, but she studied art in all its phases. Ultimately, she took up the subject of the arts in France, and gradually and by difficult ways became known to the French art world as one of the most serious of students. At a comparatively early date she was recognised by Taine as the leading mind of the feminine society of Oxford in the domain of art and literature. She was, indeed, particularly fortunate in winning the friendship and the sympathy of the foremost men. Never, perhaps, was she more fortunate than when she became the friend of Eugène Müntz, afterwards Conservator of the École des Beaux Arts and a member of the French Institute. Müntz's monumental history of the Renaissance is a book by itself, and Lady Dilke's letters to him have been considered of

such value that a hundred and fifty of them are preserved in the manuscript department of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Another friend was Renan, and a third was the Duc d'Aumale, the last of the *grands seigneurs* of France. It is not wonderful that when Lady Dilke wrote her great book on the Renaissance of Art in France, and her volumes on the "Painters," the "Architects and Sculptors," the "Furniture and Decoration," and the "Engravers and Draughtsmen" of the eighteenth century, she made a permanent addition to literature. As the *Quarterly Reviewer* says—"Her art-work was a splendid legacy, and one absolutely unique as coming from the heart and brain of a woman."

Messrs. Macmillan have published in a slim volume of fewer than three hundred pages the concluding part of Mr. Herbert Paul's "History of Modern England." The issue contains a first-class index, running to a hundred pages, and calculated to be very useful. The volume opens in 1885 with the defeat of Mr. Gladstone, and ends in 1895 with the smashing defeat of Liberalism. Mr. Paul sums up the position as follows: "Not since 1874 had Liberalism been so nearly dead in England and Scotland as it was in 1895. The threatened campaign against the Lords was a laughing-stock. The Welsh Bishops were triumphant; the Church of Scotland trampled on its enemies; the Church of England seemed to have none. The 'trade,' with their tied houses, laughed at the Local Veto Bill. Every

institution, as well ecclesiastical as temporal, felt that it had a new lease of life. The national Church, in particular, saved by Home Rule from all immediate peril to its central stability, had time and leisure for preparation in case its usefulness as a branch of the Civil Service should be challenged again."

It is not difficult to estimate the value of Mr. Paul's work. He has consulted the "Annual Register," along with the chief political biographies of the period, and he has used his own knowledge and literary skill to weave the result of his studies into an interesting narrative. So far he has certainly succeeded. His book can be easily read, and where it does not touch on literature and theology—the subjects in which Mr. Paul is specially weak—it is fairly accurate. It has no claim, however, to be regarded as

a serious history. It is not even on the level of Mr. McCarthy's best work. For purposes of reference it is almost useless to the student. Every statement in it wants to be verified before it is used. It seems as if a great opportunity had been lost. A really sound and impartial study of the period, fortified at every point by references and extracts, would have been invaluable to the journalist and to the future historian. But the labour involved would have been immense, and the credit and the pecuniary recompense comparatively

small. Mr. Paul has no doubt given his publishers the worth of their money, and there the matter ends. It ought to be said that, although he is a pronounced political partisan, he makes a studious endeavour to be fair, and frequently censures the men on his own side while praising the champions on the other.

It is pleasant to hear that the Life of York Powell is almost ready for publication. The first volume contains a memoir by Professor Oliver Elton, enriched by a considerable number of York Powell's own letters, and by reminiscences contributed by friends and pupils, with the list of all his published works. In the second volume is a selection of York Powell's best and most characteristic work—reviews in the *Manchester Guardian* and elsewhere, lectures, addresses, occasional essays and prefaces, and a number of poems, many hitherto unpublished, and almost all the others scattered about in obscure periodicals. There are five portraits of the late Professor at various times of his life, some facsimiles of handwriting, and a full index. In this way we shall, no doubt, have as faithful an image of the brilliant and versatile man as can now be presented. Whether the editors do wisely in including his poetry, I am not sure. With all his gifts, York Powell had never the gift of a poet. He was a man who did not live long enough to summon his powers together for permanent work, and so all that can be done is to gather the brilliant splinters of his brain.

O. O.



THE DARK LADY: You know, he calls you his Fair Angel!
THE FAIR LADY: And he speaks of you, dear, as his Bête Noire.

DRAWN BY BREWERTON QUINAN.

DECIDEDLY FOOZLED!



HE: I played my first game of golf this afternoon.

SHE: And what did you go round in?

HE (*innocently*): Harris tweeds.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE ABORIGINAL AND THE
STRAWBERRY-LEAVES.

BY E. WHITE.



her from England's hospitable shores. In her own country they called her Stella, and the name was apt. She was as tall and straight as one of her native gum-trees; her eyes were bits from a Southern sky, and her hair was dyed with the gold of an Australian sun. But the Star had fallen, and Lady Dux, who by virtue of receiving £1000 per year, which was paid by the Aboriginal, was entitled to a free judgment, had called her such.

"She's a perfect barbarian, dears," she informed her daughters—"hasn't a ghost of an idea of correct manners."

Which was true. Stella's father, Clive Penrhyn—in England—had been a gentleman. The disreputable son of a disreputable family, ancient to a point of rottenness, he had passed an inglorious youth riding other men's horses, flirting with their wives, and eating and drinking at their expense—an unprincipled, blue-blooded sponge. Then at last he fled, leaving his creditors, as sole exchange for his debts, his reputation, and under the blue sky and free wind of Australia he forgot he had ever been a gentleman and learned to be a man. He went straight back to the land, and toiled and laboured at it far harder than most English navvies, and his daughter was a true daughter of the prairie.

Nature in welding her had had a merciful lapse of memory, and, forgetting the vaunted pedigree, had endowed her only with her own particular charms. Stella's childhood had been free and happy, passed in a perfect climate and glorious liberty.

The energy and strength that under other circumstances would have found a vent in athletics were devoted to household duties, and with practically the same happy results, and the remainder of her life was spent out of doors.

Then came the boom in land, and changes: a sudden stroke of prosperity to Clive Penrhyn; then another stroke—apoplexy this time—and exit. But before he died, Clive remembered the days when he was a gentleman, and as his eyes were too dimmed with the world's last grip of mortal illness to see clearly, he sent his daughter home to be made a lady. So from the Land of Sunshine and Prairie Stella was remorselessly plucked, and borne away over the seas to the Western Land—the Land of Afternoon Tea.

Here she became the Aboriginal. Lady Dux had received the girl coldly. Her lack of tone to her worldly-wise eyes was unpardonable.

"She is hopeless, my dears," she told her friends. "I was really taken in. The girl is of good family, and the money made from land. Sounds so well. But an American girl who sprang from nowhere, and was *hogs*, or something horrid, would have done me more credit. American girls are adaptable, anyhow!"

Her daughters, girls of sixteen and fourteen, Sybil and Silvia, tried to initiate Stella into English ways. They began by trying to teach her to tame her rebellious locks with a fringe-net. But the Australian gold proved too full of life and vigour to yield to restraint, and they failed. Taking their tone from their mother, these demoiselles immediately considered their guest hopeless, so

they began instead to teach her something else—how a shrug of the shoulders can wound, a raised eyebrow sting, a scornful smile rankle.

Stella took badly to Civilisation. She had never received the faintest social training, and pitfalls yawned round her at every step her unwilling feet took—the social pitfalls that would beset anyone suddenly translated to another sphere. She was ignorant of how to treat the scornful servants, for in the Australian home all had been equal. She was shy on greeting strangers, and, worst of all, the dinner-table afforded innumerable humiliations.

It was pathetic to see the big, bonny girl—for although eighteen, she looked twenty-five—trying to propitiate and grow friendly with the Honourable Sybil and Silvia, minute dainty pocket editions of a Society woman, and both so much older than the Australian heiress, with her big, simple heart of gold and her child's mind. Stella was shrewd enough to know that her money purchased her any kindness and attention she received, but not clever enough to steer clear of the dangers attendant on afternoon tea, where etiquette dictates that appetite is to go unappeased. The instinct that might have helped her was deadened by the cloud of nervousness that enshrouded her, once she was fairly established in this wonderful England, with its traditions and institutions, with its thousand and one social laws and codes, which were crystallised under the magic words Good Form.

Lady Dux kept her heiress *perdue*. When she had learned to act as a lady, she was to be plunged into a selected circle of Society from which she would emerge only when death called her from the treadmill; but the summons would command her under another name—a title. Lady Dux had entered her protégée for the Strawberry-leaves Stakes. Stella knew this, and rebelled. She had seen but few men since she had come to England, and she had contrasted them unfavourably with her chums across the sea. Therefore, the first wave of opposition asserted itself when Sybil told her one afternoon that they were to call at the Towers, one of the seats of the Duke of Maryland. She raised her large eyes from the book she was reading.

"Will the Duke be there?" she asked simply.

Up went Sybil's hard-worked eyebrows, at the boldness of the question.

"No," she answered coldly. "We are calling to see the Dowager."

"Then I'll go," said Stella.

Sybil's smile said plainly that she was not to be taken in. She paused with her hand on the handle of the door.

"And oh, Stella, mother wonders if you would like to cycle, or prefer to come with us in the motor?"

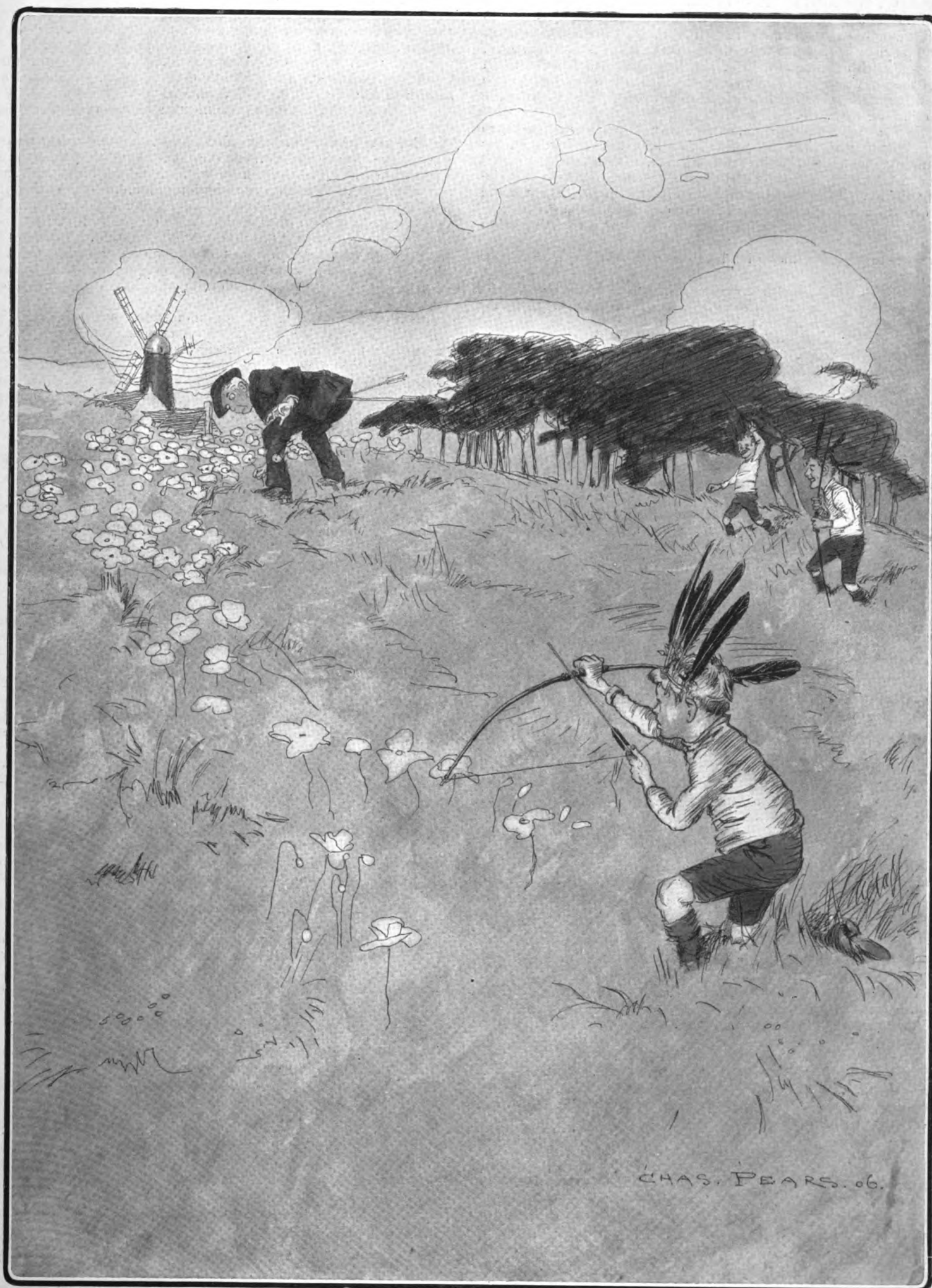
Sybil elected to cycle. She was forbidden the luxury of a horse, since they had discovered that she had never used the King's high road, but had, happily unconscious, ridden over the land of two different county magnates.

As Stella spun along, she was keenly conscious of the beauty of the afternoon. It was June weather, and the sun poured down upon her in grateful warmth. The fragrance of honeysuckle and new-mown hay mingled together, while the dog-roses made lovely splashes of pink against the green of the hedges.

This harmony of colour was certainly spoiled by a pair of brown boots, pointing suggestively to the heavens out of the tangle of foliage by the roadside. Stella's heart beat fast as she dimly distinguished a form lying in the shade of the hedge. The unconscious

[Continued overleaf.]

WILLIAM TELLS.



Extract from a Sermon preached by the Rev. William Slapkins before the Unfortunate Accident that made it impossible for him to take the Chair at the Mothers' Meeting:—"There is something about children that makes the most hardened of us feel tender."

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.

one was too well dressed to suggest the class that sleeps unconcernedly by the public roadway. Moreover, in the centre of the road was an empty motor-car. As the girl hesitated, a rush of memory swept over her. She remembered the course of lectures on first aid she had gone through in Australia. Even now she seemed to feel the glare of the sun on the zinc roof of the room where the class was held and to smell the hundred scents that were wafted in through the open door. She had been so keen upon the subject—had sat for the examination, and passed it with distinction. But she had never had a patient. In spite of the risks that were taken every day in that careless life, no one required her aid. It seemed as if she were fated to travel across the seas to find her first case.

Again she gazed, and this time the brown boots seemed to have an appealing appearance; she yielded to their influence, and, quickly dismounting, she hurried to their owner's side.

Her investigation was timid and discreet at first, but gradually she became bolder. Then, peering a little closer, she saw his face, and started back on seeing that it was of a deep carnation colour.

"Poor man!" she said sympathetically. "Now what can be the matter?"

She went hurriedly through all the causes that produce unconsciousness.

"It can't be concussion or collapse, for then he would be pale and cold. Poisons?" This was a wide field, and she felt shaky, so they were quickly relegated to the background with a—

"No! He looks happy and composed. Then—let me see. Sun-stroke, or apoplexy, or—oh, dear!—it may be alcoholic poisoning!" Thus the polite term of the text-book.

She searched her memory, and then vaguely recalled the fact that she should feel his pulse. No doctor ever assumed a more pompous air than did this pretty girl as she gravely took the sunburnt paw in hers.

"Ah! Just as I feared! Quick—heaving—thumping!" she said, quite unaware that her own was beating much faster.

Then came the crucial moment. "Now I must make up my mind which it is before I can proceed to treatment. I don't know which it can be—apoplexy, or the other dreadful thing. I have to lift up the eyelid to see if the pupil is conscious to light and touch."

Here she shivered, and a big bumble-bee, blundering by, buzzed his sympathy.

"Shall I? No, I can't do that! It makes me creepy." She leaned her head on her hand, a most charming picture of maiden meditation. Absorbed in her thoughts, she did not notice a gleam of intelligence beginning to break through the half-closed lids beneath her.

"Ah! I have it. You should always study the history of the case. Of course, if it is that, he will have a brandy-flask."

Glad of the reprieve, and with no hesitation this time, she knelt down and began vigorously to ransack the pockets of the man's Norfolk coat, when, to her horror, there was a sudden upheaval, and a huge brown hand clutched her wrist, while a voice thundered—

"What's your game?"

The two stared at each other for the fraction of a minute. Incredulous surprise looked out of the man's eyes, and met startled horror in the blue orbs beneath. Then the man dropped Stella's hands and exclaimed—

"I beg your pardon?"

Stella felt a mad desire to bolt. She recognised the interrogative note in the polite words.

"And I beg yours," was the only reply she could frame.

The man continued to stare until he must have been familiar with every line of the flushed face before he spoke.

"A case of mistaken identity?"

"Yes."

"A lady has the last word always, I believe; is she entitled, can you tell me, to the first explanation?"

Then he meant to have it. Stella sent a swift glance to the amused face. It seemed inexorable.

"It is so hard to explain," she murmured.

"Of course! I will tell you my mistake first. I thought you were—a tramp."

Stella grew crimson. Her recollections of Australian tramps were vivid. This was England's crowning insult!

"Tramps generally wear cycling costumes like this?" she queried, pulling vigorously at her white linen skirt.

The stranger's smile broadened.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I was asleep. You must admit I did not see you. I only—ahem!—felt you."

A sudden fear shot through Stella's mind—a fear of the shadowy influence that, to her mind, seemed to pervade England—a terror that, to her, lurked ever in the background—the shadow of the law of England. She looked about her appealingly. But she saw that the man was waiting for her explanation, so she started off with a flourish of dignity.

"When I saw you lying under the hedge I naturally concluded you were ill. In England it is most unusual" (she felt sure of her ground here) "to see a man sleeping by the road."

The smile grew yet broader, till it merged into a grin.

"Indeed," he said. "Ill? I feel curious. What was my complaint?"

Stella hung her head.

"I thought it was apoplexy, because you were so very red in the face," she said innocently.

It would have been impossible to have said a more unlucky thing. Nature had given the noble Duke—for so he was—a high colour, and foreign suns and recent motoring had fostered its intensity. But it was really his recumbent position, with his head lower than his wont, that gave such a beetroot hue to his face. Wounded on his sensitive point, he said in a frigid manner—

"I have yet to learn the connection between apoplexy and my coat-pocket."

The stern words had their effect. A sudden abject fear seized her. Ever since she left Australia she had offended the great social Bugbear of England—trodden on its toes, and got bitten and snapped at for her slips. But this was something different—something that in her former lawless life she had heard of, and shuddered at. It was the very backbone of the whole English Constitution that she had injured, the vast majesty of the Law of England. She already felt herself within its grip, and then the primitive in her asserted itself. She looked round appealingly. Her wild eyes failed to see her bicycle, which lay in the shadow of the hedge, but the motor-car was close at her side.

Stella neither appreciated nor understood automobiles. She had only ridden in the one belonging to Lady Dux, and to her it was only an ugly, civilised mass of machinery, without fascination, for the Dux car was as decorous as its owners, and never dreamed of even approaching regulation speed. With one bound she jumped on the car—the sudden spring of a kangaroo that took the Duke completely by surprise—and snatched at something that released the brake. Flight was her only thought.

And she *did* fly!

The car, being in excellent position at the top of the hill, suddenly realised its opportunity had come, and determined to make the most of it. Down the hill it tore, miraculously cutting a curve at the bottom, and crossing the small bridge over the little stream in safety. It slackened, panting, for half a minute, as though to congratulate itself on its skill, and then, emulated to fresh efforts, it raced along the level road in front. Stella, still grasping something, gasped at the rapid pace. Its exhilaration gradually began to run through her veins.

The road was nothing but a white ribbon, and the hedges green blurs. Then, to her horror, she saw someone on the road in front. She cried out, but her throat was dry, and so was the rustic's, and he was only intent on getting to the Dun Cow for a remedy.

Panic seized her; she touched the wheel, and the next moment found herself in the hedge.

What followed seemed like a bad dream. She remembered being shot out, and landing practically unscathed. She sat up on the grass and watched the sky chase the fields round and round. Then suddenly her scattered energies were collected by something dreadful. There was a horrible hissing! It was the motor-car. Its mad dash for freedom had been its last, and, like the martyrs of old, it was compensating for its sins in a fiery pile.

Stella stood, and gazed in speechless horror, on one side; the rustic, the real cause of the disaster, gaped in silent enjoyment on the other. Presently a third spectator arrived, a ducal one. His face was redder than ever with the exertion of running. He regarded the blaze regretfully.

"Too far gone," he murmured. Then he turned to Stella, but she had collapsed on the ground, a pathetic heap of crumpled white linen, over which streamed her shower of golden hair, which was loosened by her fall and rapid journey. She stretched out her hands imploringly.

"Oh, don't send me to prison," she pleaded. "I only wanted to help you, and—I was so frightened."

For one minute amusement darted into the Duke's eyes. It was so comical to see this woman, who looked like a goddess from a Greek play, frightened out of her life by the bogey of a prison career. Then pity chased it away, as he saw her real distress. He took her hand clumsily and patted it, speaking consolingly, as though to a younger sister.

"Don't cry, old girl," he said; "it is all right—quite all right. The motor's insured" (oh, Recording Angel, look the other way!) "and as for my red face, no wonder it took you in. You see," he went on, speaking rapidly to arrest the girl's tears, "I could not stand England. Too stiff and starchy. So for the last few years I've lived in Australia—"

"Australia?" The question was a cry—the bitter cry of weeks of concentrated home-sickness. "Oh, have you come from Australia, too?" she asked, and then she suddenly began to cry again, but in a different way, and the Duke once more took her hand.

The story ends here. Stella's real life began at this moment, so the other details and explanations are quite superfluous. Everything passed away like a magic interlude, until the day when the Duke of Maryland surmounted his strawberry-leaves with a star.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



ON Friday evening, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, Mr. Martin Harvey will produce a new play, "The Spell," "in two panels," by Miss Rosamond Langbridge. He will himself act in it with Mrs. Martin Harvey (Miss N. De Silva) and Miss Mary Rorke.

At one time, early in his career, it was the ambition of Mr. Charles Frohman to have four hundred actors in his employ. More than twice that number have been under engagement to Mr. George Dance, who has now announced his intention of disbanding or otherwise disposing of a certain portion of his interests, which are represented by twenty-three companies, all devoted to musical plays of various kinds, and requiring the services of some nine hundred artists all told. The salary lists and expenses are estimated to reach a total which would work out at the rate of some £300,000 a year or more—a large sum even when compared with the expenses of what are regarded as more ordinary trading concerns, but proof of the possibility of so organising the theatre as to remove it from the category of merely speculative ventures and place it on a sound commercial footing.

This (Wednesday) evening, at the Queen's Gate Hall, South Kensington, the English Dramatic Society will revive Ford and Dekker's Moral Masque, "The Sun's Darling," which was originally produced about 1623 or 1624, and was printed in 1657 by two actors, Theophilus Bird and Andrew Penneycuicke, who had been thrown out of work by the closing of the theatres by the Puritans in 1647. The dresses for the present production have been specially designed by Miss Jennie Moore, who did them for "Everyman," "Dr. Faustus," and "The Interlude of Youth." The music has been arranged from traditional Elizabethan melodies. The cast includes Mr. Arthur Goodsall, who made a great success as Oswald in the English Drama Society's production of Ibsen's "Ghosts," Miss Kennedy Stuart as Lady Humour, Miss Phyllis Embury as Spring, Miss Ina Royle as Summer, and Miss Aimée Lowther, the only amateur in the cast, as Raybright.

The Fog Theatre would be a distinctly unique and striking name for a West-End house, and Mr. Cyril Maude recently had the humorous idea of calling his new theatre by that title. His reason was to emphasise the fact that in the event of a fog the audience would be absolutely independent of cabs either to reach the house or to return home. No theatre in London will be served by so many means of conveyance as the playhouse which is fast rising from its ruins, for there will be stations for practically every part of London within a few yards of the door, and a covered way to the theatre from most, if not all of them. In addition, the Embankment trams will put passengers down almost at the door. In the ordinary way, a neighbouring railway is apt, through the rumble of the trains, to be a source of distraction to an audience. There will be no such drawback in Mr. Maude's new house, for the roof is to be a concrete one, and that will effectually exclude external noise.

What an exceedingly interesting article might be written on plays which have been announced for production, and for some reason or

other have failed to materialise. In this connection the preliminary paragraphist has been keeping himself busy with the prospective arrangements for the Waldorf. A well-known American musical extravaganza was at one time said to be a practical certainty, and then "The Isle of Champagne" was mentioned. Afterwards, it was announced that Mr. George M. Cohen, described as "the Seymour Hicks of America," was likely to be the leading actor in one of two pieces—"The Governor's Son" or "Johnnie Jones." Subsequently, "The Man on the Box," a comedy in three acts, by Mr. Harold MacGrath, with Mr. Henry E. Dixey in the leading part, was to be the attraction, and that announcement has been followed by news of the impending staging in the course of the next month or so of "The Social Whirl," the music of which was written by Mr. Gustave Kerker, whose grand opera skit has been having such a success at the Empire.

A similar fate has befallen "A Modern Magdalen," which, it was rumoured, was to have been produced at the Lyric in August, with Miss Constance Collier in the leading part. The list might be extended almost indefinitely were it necessary further to probe the point.

It is by no means unlikely that before many weeks are over one of the Messrs. Shubert will arrive in London in connection with the business of the Waldorf Theatre.

The impetus recently given to everything connected with Dickens is no doubt answerable for the fact that a new adaptation of "Dombey and Son," to be called "The House of Dombey," is to be produced in the theatre of the Cripplegate Institute under

the auspices of the Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Club on Saturday evening next. It is in five acts, and is the work of Mrs. Teignmouth Shore and Mr. Walter Dexter, both of whom will act in it. The play consists chiefly of the second half of the book, and commences when Mr. Dombey is married for the second time. It centres round Carker (Mr. A. E. Brookes-Cross) and Edith (Mrs. J. T. Grein), and the sentimental side is catered for by Captain Cuttle (Mr. Teignmouth Shore), Florence (Mrs. Teignmouth Shore), and Walter (Mr. Edward Samuels). Among other members of the company are Mrs. Arthur Ropes (Mrs. Skewton), and Miss Pearl Humphry, the daughter of Mrs. Humphry who is so well known as "Madge" (Mrs. Macstinger). Other parts will be acted by Mrs. Barnett, Miss Kathleen Marriott, and Mr. A. Turner Richardson.

To-morrow evening and Friday afternoon the Royalty Theatre will open its doors for a performance of "Pélleas and Mélisande" in aid of the London Hospital, which has secured some of the most aristocratic women for patronesses. The part of Mélisande, always associated with Mrs. Patrick Campbell's genius, is to be undertaken by Lady Vivian, and Pélleas, acted both by Mr. Martin Harvey and Madame Sarah Bernhardt, has been given to Mr. Frank Lascelles, who was Mr. Tree's understudy in "Nero," and has distinguished himself as Romeo, Orlando, and in other romantic parts in the country. Other characters will be played by Mrs. Theodore Wright, Mr. Graeme Campbell, and Mr. Hermann Vezin, who has not been seen on the London stage for some time.



ROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT LEAVING OXFORD STREET: THE PULLMAN-CAR CINEMATOGRAPH TOUR. "Hale's Tour of the World" marks the latest development of the biograph show. The audience is seated in an imitation Pullman-Car, which is made to sway as a real car would, while the bioscope shows the moving landscape as it would be seen through an observation window. The illusion is heightened by the rattle of wheels, and by the movement of the air caused by the revolving fans fixed to the ceiling. Our photograph, taken at 105, Oxford Street, the scene of the show, gives a view of the car while it is "running at full speed" through the Rockies.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

KEY-NOTES

THERE is no question about the fact that Richard Strauss is one of the two great musicians who are at present attracting the attention of Europe. The other is, of course, Sir Edward Elgar. A few days ago Strauss's "Don Quixote" was given at the Queen's Hall, and once more it was proved how keen an instinct both for that which is serious and for that which is humorous in music Strauss possesses. The work has been heard a number of times in this country, and its wonderful orchestration, combined with its sense of humour and its sadness, seems to realise exactly the ideal of Cervantes. One would have thought naturally that a composer with gifts as peculiarly individual as those of Richard Strauss would have understood Cervantes more or less, but with every hearing of this score, one is more and more surprised by the absolute intimacy with the great Spanish writer which Strauss shows. One might almost say, indeed, that in music Strauss is the counterpart of Cervantes in literature; at all events, he realises, in a musical form, the idea of what is, perhaps, the greatest novel that was ever written, and it is to the credit of Mr. Henry Wood that he produced the work the other day upon such a noble level. It is a little remarkable that when Strauss's "Don Quixote" was first heard in England, the majority of critics were exceedingly averse to it, and complained bitterly of the dissonances which were supposed to abound in the score. It is an old story. What is harmonious to one generation is very often dissonant to another; everything seems to depend upon the period; and we need some musical critic who shall arise and write a work which can be paralleled with Dean Swift's famous attack on the academic writers of books in his own time.

The Opera season at Covent Garden seems to progress with popular approval, and certainly it attracts crowded houses. One of the most interesting features of this particular season has been the great success of Signor Carpi in his interpretation of various rôles in various operas. We have already referred to his fine vocal work, but it is worth while repeating the fact that he is a tenor of rare and beautiful distinction. In connection with the same Opera season, Madame Nordica will appear during the month of November, she having been especially engaged for parts chosen from some of the leading operas with which she has been associated—namely, "Don Giovanni," "Aida," and "La Gioconda." It will be very interesting to hear Madame Nordica singing once more upon the London stage, because she has been absent too long from England, and her work is as a rule so thoroughly well done that one invariably recognises her on the stage as a real artist.

At the Æolian Hall, Mr. Theodore Spiering gave, a few days ago, his second Violin Recital. Ernst's setting for that instrument of Schubert's "Erlkönig" is probably inartistic, from what must have been the composer's point of view; but Mr. Spiering played the work

wonderfully well, and showed by his brilliant technique that it is almost possible for the violin to make up for the absence of the human voice. Mr. Spiering is a pupil of Joachim, and has worked very hard, both in Canada and in the United States, where he has given, in connection with his string quartet, something like four hundred concerts. On the occasion which has already been referred to, Mr. Spiering played various works by Hubay, Max Reger, and other musicians of distinction.

Mr. Mark Hambourg gave a pianoforte recital in the past week, in which he may be said to have surpassed himself by reason of his playing of Schumann's Fantasia in C, the second movement being in his hands exceptionally expressive. He showed with what carefulness and with what a sense of responsibility he had studied the work, and the result was wonderfully good. Mr. Hambourg is at times, perhaps, a little inclined to be excessive, both in loud and in piano passages; and to some extent, of course, this detracts from perfect effectiveness in playing, because of a certain lack of shade. He is, however, a splendid artist, and his technique leaves nothing to be desired.

Just about two years ago "Adriana Lecouvreur" was produced in London for the first time, and at Covent Garden a few evenings ago it was again heard, when an exceedingly good interpretation of Francesca Ciléa's opera was given. The composer's work is remarkably delicate throughout, and a delightful sense of melody runs through the whole opera like a golden thread. Madame Giachetti, Madame de Cisneros, Signor Sammarco and Signor Zenatello were the principal artists engaged, and all sang remarkably well. The mounting was quite beautiful, the ballet, "The Judgment of Paris," being very charming.

Lady Hallé and Mr. Leonard Borwick gave a concert recently at the Bechstein Hall, the programme including the younger Bach's Sonata in C minor Beethoven's Sonata in A major, Schumann's Sonata in A minor, and Schubert's Fantasia in C major. Lady Hallé belongs to that great generation of musicians who practically created the modern style of violin-playing in the right classical manner. Her perfect sense of tonality, her beautiful

breadth of phrasing, still remain as a lesson to the younger generation, to which musical art seems to appeal more as a display of fingering and of technique than of intimate musical thought. In his own way, Mr. Borwick treats the pianoforte from a similar point of view; therefore, the combination of these two artists was exceedingly interesting. In the Beethoven Sonata, both Lady Hallé and Mr. Borwick gave an example of what Beethoven really meant in his most divine inspiration. Modern players are so often desirous of proving to the world at large that Beethoven meant every sort of thing that he did not mean that it was delightful to get back to his original meaning.

COMMON CHORD.



MADAME SCALAR.

A SOPRANO NEW TO COVENT GARDEN.

Madame Scalar, whose portrait is presented here, is one of Covent Garden's new sopranos, and her spirited singing has met with very favourable recognition in London.

She is a young artist with a very powerful voice, which, if not free from defects, is yet heard to considerable advantage in the rather critical atmosphere of our national opera-house. Her work as Aida—she took the name-part in Verdi's famous opera—has been so well received that most opera-goers are looking forward with interest to her appearance in another rôle, and believe that she will sustain her reputation.

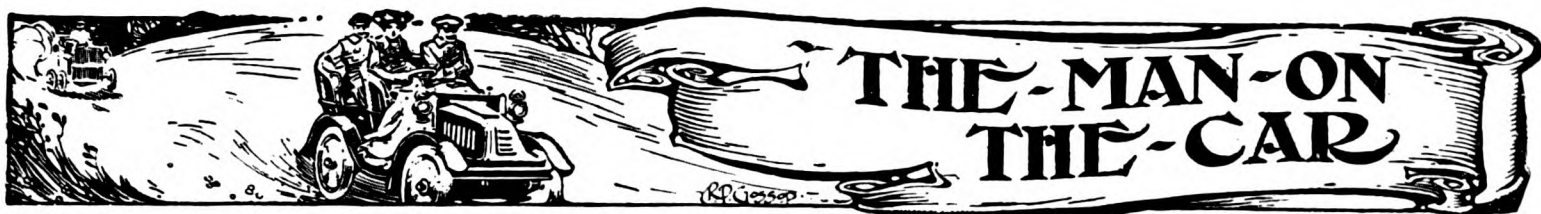
Photograph by Eug. Pirou.

M. PAUL KOCHANSKI.

A VIOLINIST WHO HAS JUST MADE A SUCCESSFUL FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON.

Paul Kochanski is nineteen, and a Pole. He studied at the Conservatoire of Odessa, and then became concert-meister of the Philharmonic at Warsaw. Later he toured Russia with much success, then took a first prize at the Brussels Conservatoire, and later still toured in Spain, Egypt, Turkey, and Greece, meeting everywhere with marked appreciation. M. Kochanski is very fond of sport, is a fine horseman, a keen tennis-player, and devoted to yachting and skating.

Photograph by Atelier Lassave.

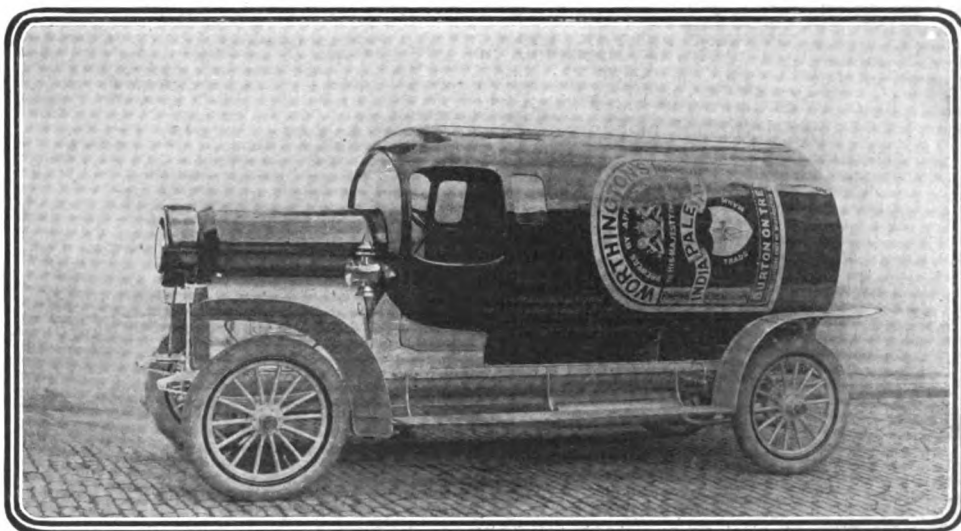


CAR-INSURANCE REFORM: THE MOTOR UNION TO THE RESCUE—THE KING'S ACCIDENT—MEDICOS AND THE MOTOR TAX—
THE EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA—GERMANY'S TAX ON TOURISTS.

I HAVE always considered that the premiums exacted by many companies dealing with automobilists for insurance against the various risks of accident and damage are much too heavy, and I am far from being alone in this opinion. The fees demanded are doubtless due in part to the entire absence of actuarial estimates of the risks, so that the companies assuming these risks have felt obliged to fly high in order to cover unrevealed contingencies. However that may be, the premiums required have deterred, and still deter, the motorist of moderate means from covering himself against mishap as completely as he would desire to do, and therefore I am more than pleased to note that, by the instructions of the General Committee of the Motor Union, a special scheme of insurance has been prepared which combines the advantages of mutual insurance with the convenience and security offered by working under the Companies Acts. The plan, which, I understand, is intended to ensure the co-operation of insurance agents and motor traders, came up for consideration by the General Committee on Wednesday. When the points of the idea come to hand, I hope to say something more on the subject. The word co-operation reminds me that a co-operative automobile insurance scheme was very much in the air some time ago. I wonder what became of it?

Every motorist will rejoice that the out-patient of St. George's Hospital who was accidentally and unavoidably knocked down by his Majesty's car last week was only slightly injured after all. The fact that a motor vehicle belonging to, and indeed conveying our good King was the cause of an accident, undoubtedly due to the carelessness of the injured man, may cause some hitherto unthinking people to realise that many of the motor accidents scare-lined in the Press are just as often brought about by the heedlessness of pedestrians as by that of the motor-driver. A motor-driver is not only expected to drive his car, but also to take upon himself the rôle of the pedestrian's keeper.

practise over a largely extended area. It is therefore not surprising to find the medicos alarmed by the prospect of increased taxation, and taking united action to decry it to the uttermost. The committee of medical men using motor-cars, writing to the Press, suggest that medicos' motors should not be taxed as though they



A MOTOR-CAR WITH A BEER-BOTTLE BODY: AN INGENIOUS ADVERTISEMENT-CAR
MADE FOR MESSRS. WORTHINGTON.

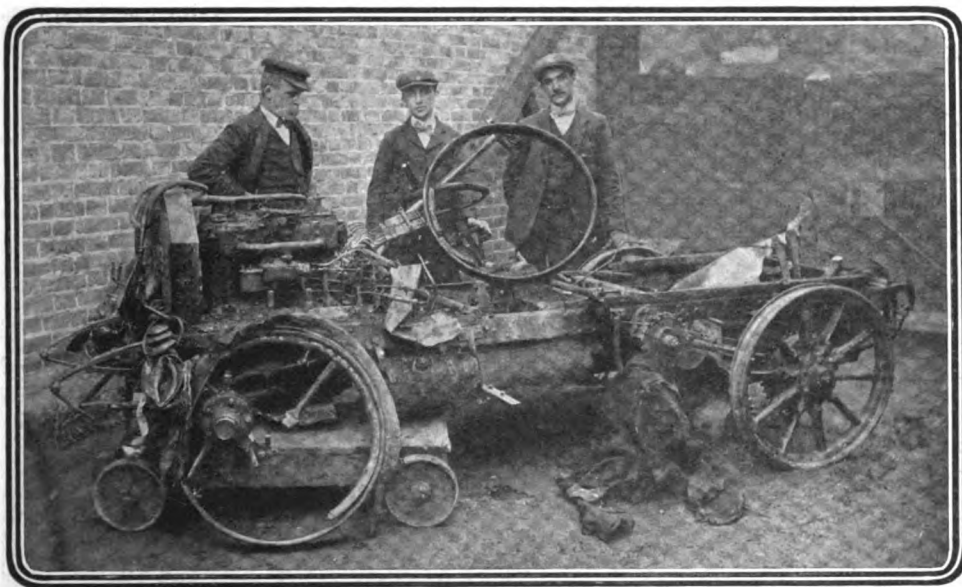
The car, which is a Spyker, was shown at the Brewers' Exhibition, held last week at the Agricultural Hall, and aroused much interest.

Photograph by Argent Archer.

were pleasure vehicles. The doctor's motor-car is used strictly for professional purposes, and if only on account of the huge amount of gratuitous work performed by the profession in the interests of the public, doctors' cars should be exempt. Indeed, medical men should be encouraged to use motor-cars rather than the slower and less efficient horse. The extra speed means the lives of men.

Of the 146 firms who are down to exhibit motor-cars next month at Olympia, no fewer than fifty-three are genuine British manufacturers. The importance of this proportion is better realised when it is known that a very considerable percentage of the balance are agents and coach-builders exhibiting foreign-built vehicles. These figures speak well for the great advance of the home industry, but the Olympia Exhibition will be remarkable and interesting for the display of the 1907 types of many of the leading French constructors. No fewer than twenty-one foreign makers will show their new types at West Kensington before the dazzling and profuse illumination falls upon them from the graceful roof of the Palais de l'Industrie. Sixty-five accessory-firms will expose goods, and as much of the interest of an exhibition—for the present car-owner—resides in the accessories, the Olympia Show will clearly not lack anything in this respect.

Germany seems to have resolved to close her doors to all but the millionaire motor-tourist, or why does she insist upon the entry-payment of a tax of forty marks (two pounds) for the pleasure of driving a car and spending good money for a few days in the Fatherland? France knows better than this, and makes things easy for the foreign automobilist to the extent of returning him the duty deposited if his car is brought out of the country within three months of the date of its entry. France would be wiser yet if she could see her way to deal with motoring tourists who are members of the Automobile Club or the Motor Union as she has long dealt with the cycle-touring members of the Cyclists' Touring Club.



A "STAR'S" MOTOR-CAR SUCCESSFULLY "FEATURES" ITSELF: ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF
MISS EDNA MAY'S MOTOR-CAR AFTER THE RECENT ACCIDENT.

Miss Edna May's motor-car recently met with an accident (fortunately, when its owner was not in it) while being driven near Hounslow. The chauffeur was attempting to pass a van, when the car ran up a bank by the roadside, turned over, and caught fire, with the result shown.

Photograph by Mayger.

Day by day the use of the self-propelled vehicle grows with the medical profession, who find that its adoption in town and country not only saves fifty per cent. of their time, but enables them to

THE WORLD OF SPORT

NEWBURY, THE LATEST ADDITION TO OUR RACECOURSES—THE CHEAP-RINGERS—ENTRIES AND STARTERS—THE STARTING-GATE.

NEWBURY, the latest addition to our racecourses, has hummed ever since it was opened last year, and I think the venture will pay a good dividend to its shareholders in the near future. The success of the undertaking is in the main due to the splendid railway service to and from London, while it should be added that the personality attaching to the genial John Porter, who has all his life made friends, but never enemies, has also had very much to do with it. It is quite an education to see the ex-master of Kingsclere when in conversation with his Majesty the King. Honest John as manager of the Newbury Meeting is the right man in the right place, and every sportsman who is a sportsman is delighted to hear that his latest venture is such a pronounced success. The club and stand accommodation at Newbury is of the best, while the cheap ring is built on the very latest lines. And that reminds me, what is to become of the would-be cheap-ringers at a Sandown Bank Holiday meeting? One thing is certain; the present enlarged enclosure will have to be extended to at least four times its present holding capacity to accommodate the crowd that is sure to congregate at Sandown on a Bank Holiday. This is, in my opinion, a very serious matter, and it is one that must be dealt with at once, either by the Sandown management or by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. At the meeting held at Esher under N.H. rules on Oct. 20 the cheap ring was inconveniently crowded, which proves that it is not anything like large enough for a Bank Holiday crowd. The authorities have only got to face the facts to give heed to my tale. Many thousands crowded into the cheap ring at Hurst Park on the August Bank Holiday, and the same accommodation should be forthcoming at Esher.

A serious question to be faced by Clerks of Courses directly is that of entries. A glance at the programmes of future meetings shows that owners do not intend to throw their money about as recklessly as they have done in the past. Big handicaps do not yield anything like as well as they did a few years back, and although I do not like to criticise harshly the handiwork of the weight-adjusters, facts compel me to state here that the majority of the big handicaps go to the favourites, which in course of time becomes somewhat monotonous. As I have insisted before, handicaps should by right be framed so that all the horses engaged should finish in a bunch. Yet how often do we find even a close finish for an ante-post betting handicap?—while, on the other hand, we often find a horse having a penalty successful. The late Mr. Sam Lewis, whose millions are being so much talked about just now, always made a point of backing penalised horses in handicaps,

and he found the system a paying one, more especially at the time of the Goldseeker and Tyrant coups. No wonder Sam was able to wear diamonds as buttons for his waistcoat. But to the entries. I believe these are touted for as usual nowadays, but owners do not give entries just to oblige the officials, and quite right too. The public are getting wary, and they no longer expect big fields because the entries are numerous. If I had my way, an official list of the actual runners would be published in the morning papers each day, so that the public who pay ring-fees would know beforehand which horses would run and the ones that were to be kept in their stables. This could be easily done by compelling owners to make a declaration over night.

Many sportsmen will regret that Mr. H. Owen has resigned the position of official starter to the Jockey Club owing to pressure of private business. Mr. Owen was very popular with the jockeys, and did his work fairly and well. He was firm, and very quick to grasp the situation. He was most kind to the tiny apprentices, and saw that they were not bullied at the post by their older rivals. Mr. Owen's place will be difficult to fill, for in my opinion starters are born, not made. Despite the croakings of the wooden-headed brigade, the starting-gate has come to stay, but I think that the conditions of starting should be altered to allow of the walking up of the horses to the tape. It is far easier to start an awkward horse from the walk than from the standstill. Further, it would act much more fairly on the boy jockeys, who have all

their strength taxed to keep their mounts quiet, and have no reserve force left with which to push off quickly. In my opinion, the recent fiasco at Longchamp would not have been possible under the "walk-up" start. In the face of that affair, it behoves the Stewards of the Jockey Club to guard against any "accident" that is calculated to raise the ire of the crowd, who would not tolerate a repetition of what took place in the Wokingham Stakes at Ascot when His Lordship was successful. The starters as a body are men of ability, but they cannot prevent accidents taking place occasionally under the present system; but I should like to have their opinion on the standstill start as opposed to the walk-up start. Many horses that will not stand up to the gate could be started without any difficulty if my proposition were adopted. I think it only fair to mention that the jockeys are much more tractable at the starting-post than

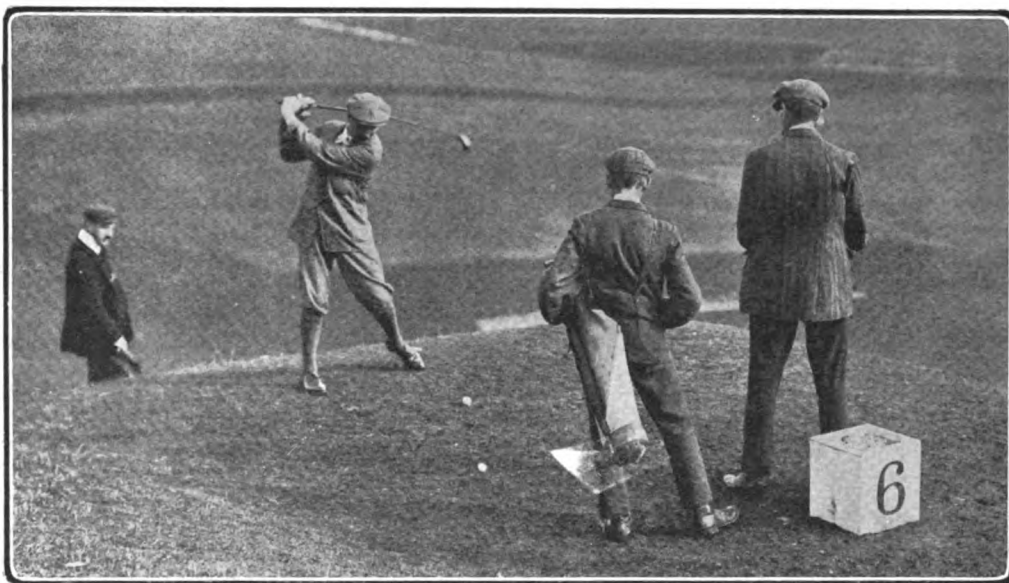
CAPTAIN COE.

they were in the days of McGeorge, and it is seldom one hears the "No, no, Sir," at the starting-post now.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPION v. THE EX-CHAMPION AT WORTHING: JAMES BRAID, THE WINNER, DRIVING.



THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPION v. THE EX-CHAMPION AT WORTHING: HARRY VARDON, THE LOSER, DRIVING. James Braid, the open champion, and Harry Vardon, the ex-champion, played a match of 26 holes on the occasion of the opening of the new links at Worthing the other day. Braid won by four holes up and two to play.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

TO pass the Grafton Fur Company's gorgeous corner shop at 164, New Bond Street makes one feel for the moment that no earthly possessions can equal in desirability the beautiful fur garments which are therein exposed to view, which sentiment becomes increasingly acute if one adventures within and notes the skilful



THE KRUTOID CORSET, AND THE KRUTOID SUEDE PETTICOAT-TOP
WITH INTERCHANGEABLE FLOUNCE, BY SYKES JOSEPHINE.

transformations in shape and adaptation of different skins which artists in the craft have composed and invented. Extraordinarily rich and varied are the designs for this winter, as everyone can see by sending for the Company's book of fashions for the season of 1906-7. The wide, loose, "granny" muff has now taken to itself a superabundance of tails and heads, and the stole is similarly enriched, with great effect. Delightful little coatees of broadtail, sealskin, mink, and ermine are rendered decorative by the addition of lace thrills and frills galore, buttons and clasps of enamel, filigree, and other addenda of price and pedigree. Long walking-coats of sable, mink, or marmot are so planned as to get quite beautiful lines in the arrangement of the skins, as the mink coat on page 13 of the Company's catalogue will amply illustrate. The last note of elegance is struck by a tiny cape of ermine, chinchilla, lace, and passementerie, which would secure its wearer pre-eminence in any assembly. The Grafton Fur Company's name carries its own cachet, and deservedly. Any of its creations, from the simplest stole to the most elaborate cloak, has a distinctive style and elegance all its own, and when with this, extreme moderation in price is observed, it becomes evident why the Company's wide clientèle grows appreciably year by year.

When a shapeless saque represented the beginning and end of a fur coat, the labours of the furrier were less onerous than now, when skins are fitted to the figure like the proverbial glove, and an inch more or less in measurement calls for the consideration of the expert. Hence the importance of the corset-maker in the sum-total

of feminine affairs, and the deserved pre-eminence of a firm like that of Sykes Josephine and Co., 280, Regent Street, who successfully perform all they undertake in perfecting the female form divine and creating a graceful outline whereon the *couturière*, the tailor, and the furrier may satisfactorily fit their decorative productions. The Sykes Josephine Krutoid corset is made of a material which fits like a second skin and gives with the motion of the figure, yet does not stretch. It looks rather like suede, and makes an ideal material for the petticoat-top, invented by Sykes Josephine years ago, to which adjustable silk flounces are attached. These petticoat-tops, with bodices woven in one, form an ideal garment for the motorist, being warm and close-fitting, and doing away with the necessity of kid or leather coats. Krutoid deserves all the encomiums that have been lavished on it by Sykes Josephine's customers, and it is well to note that it cannot be purchased elsewhere. Although more exclusively known to fame as *corsetières* of the first order, Sykes Josephine exhibit many temptations in their pretty show-rooms, notably bridge coats and blouses and tea-gowns of extreme elegance and uncommon design. From royalty onwards an influential list of patrons—constantly increasing—testifies to the excellence of all the firm's productions, and if high merit and moderation in price can secure the public appreciation, then Sykes Josephine are justified of their wisdom in giving them.

The "Aspirator" is not a guide to the King's English, as might be supposed; neither is it first-cousin to those black abominations which asthmatic old gentlemen wear over their mouths in a fog. Far from it. The "Aspirator" is the result of scientific research and mechanical



A CLOTH COAT TRIMMED WITH GREY FOX FUR.

genius—a dust-remover, to wit, which at one swoop does away with the sweeping-brush, the duster, and the broom, combining in itself the functions of all. The three aforesaid classes only disperse dust; the "Aspirator" removes it, and can be worked either by hand or electric power. In a word, the "Aspirator" will revolutionis

the present system of house-cleaning, and make it possible at a small initial cost to keep as spotless a home in smutty London as in the clean country. A demonstration of how this wonderful invention works is, moreover, possible within reach of all, as the proprietors, on receipt of a postcard, will be pleased to arrange for a trial at any well-accredited house. The address of the Aspirator Company is 353, Oxford Street. Everyone should without delay test the advantages offered, and see how cleanliness and comfort can be permanently attained without wear and tear of furniture, carpets, or curtains by the simple means of a most ingenious departure.

Apropos of "furniture and effects," Oetzmann's, of Hampstead Road, hold out a very attractive bait to the British public in their sale of an entire manufacturer's stock—namely, Kaufman and Co., of Weaste, Manchester, who supplied wholesale firms only and did not deal direct with the public. It will be gathered, therefore, that specially low prices will be asked for this furniture, and that when once sold out none of the various articles can be repeated except at largely enhanced figures, as the present exceptional opportunity enables Oetzmann and Co. to sell Messrs. Kaufman's stock at prices much under the actual cost of production. Many who are already beginning to think of Christmas gifts will find the present a time to buy.

Reductions and all their seductions are in the air, for Swan and Edgar have just opened a big sale of furs, which will continue until Friday of this week. All furs are marked in plain figures, and a reduction of, in some cases, ten shillings in the pound is being given off marked prices, so that buyers can see for themselves what enormous advantages are held out. Many of the smart coats, muffs, stoles, etc., which have been bought in the stocks of the Alaska Fur Company, late of 85, Regent Street, and the Royal Fur Stores, formerly of 44, New Bond Street, are now to be had at figures undreamt of before Swan and Edgar bought up the stocks of both firms. The furs of two other firms are also included in this sale, and over ten thousand pounds' worth of furs will therefore be offered at sacrificial prices to the public. An opportunity for men to provide themselves with warm fur-lined coats arises also, huge reductions being made off the original prices of sable, mink, and caracul-lined garments. Fur rugs are also in the list and fur foot-muffs, as well as some charming little fur-trimmed overcoats for boys of all ages, which are being sold at less than the price of plain cloth. SYBIL.

The special "Hunting Number" of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* is as varied and as interesting as ever. In addition to the ordinary features to which readers of the paper look forward week by week, there are most entertaining articles on "Stopping Fox - Earths," "The Rise and Progress of the Foxhound Puppy," "Some New and Changed Masters of Foxhounds," and so on. The illustrations include "Jottings from the Hunting Sketch-Book of G. D. Armour," "A Hunting Menu," drawn by Ralph Cleaver; "Studies of the Fox," by Archibald Thorburn;

portraits of well-known huntsmen; prints and photographs of earth-stopping; portraits of masters of foxhounds; and an excellent reproduction of Mr. George Wright's painting, "The Cream of the Field." Much of the supplement is printed in coloured inks. Although considerably enlarged, the issue sells for the ordinary price, sixpence.

We regret to have to point out the fact that the illustrations given in last week's *Sketch* as photographs of the wedding of Fräulein Bertha Krupp and Herr von Böhlen Halbach represented not that ceremony but the marriage of Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Ortrud of Ysenburg. The error was due to a most unfortunate mistake made by the photographer's agent who supplied us with the prints.

The statement of the first year's work of the Normyl Treatment Association shows a record of remarkable success. It has dealt with over 1600 patients suffering from alcoholism or the drug habit; of these the failures known to the Association do not amount to more than eight per cent. The special advantages of the Normyl Treatment for Alcoholism are briefly these: The patient may safely administer it to himself without assistance. There is no need for him, except in very rare cases, to go to the expense of supervision in a home. He need not, while undergoing the treatment, give up his ordinary work. After the first day or two of the treatment the patient loses all craving for alcohol, and by the end of twenty-four days has his health and will-power completely restored. The remedy is sold at a price which should bring it within the reach of all. The Normyl Treatment Association is pledged to make no personal profits, but to devote any surplus revenue to the furtherance of its work. The Committee includes the names of Mr. Cecil Chapman, Metropolitan Magistrate (Chairman), the Bishops of Chichester and Southwark, Lord Armstrong, and Canon Scott Holland. All communications, which will be treated in the strictest confidence, should be addressed to the Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, 91, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

The new Liverpool Cotton Exchange, which is almost completed, was inspected by a number of invited guests the other day, and astonishment was expressed on all hands that such a vast work could have been carried out within the short period of sixteen months since the site was acquired. This result is largely due to the fact that the contract for the construction of the building was put in the hands of the Waring-White Building Company, Ltd., and so rapidly has the work been done that the construction will be completed two months before the expiry of the contract time, as a result of which the contractors will earn a considerable bonus. The interior fittings and cabinet work are being carried out by Waring and Gillow, Ltd.

Quaker Oats, Ltd., recently hit upon a novel way of pointing out to the grocers of England and Wales the thorough manner in which they advertise their goods. In brief, they have produced a postcard, which has been sent to practically every wholesale and retail grocer in England and Wales, which shows in photographic form the headings of the front pages of the many papers in which Quaker Oats are advertising this autumn. The combined circulation of these papers is said to be over twenty millions.

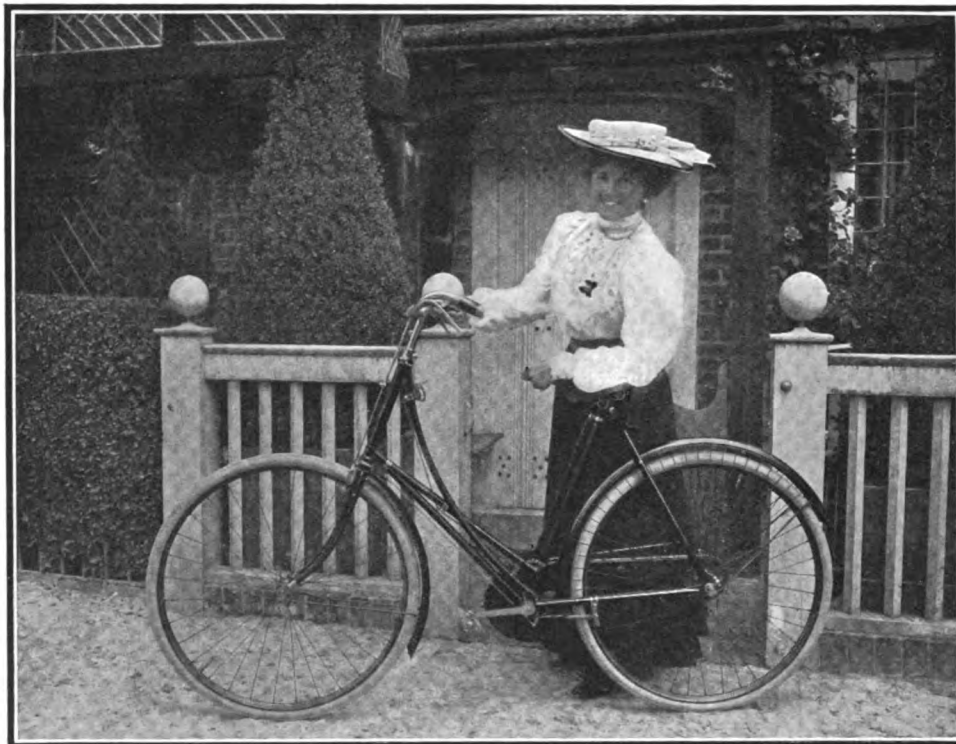
The old and ugly smoked glasses are evidently to be done away with once and

for all, an ingenious invention known as the Maisette Shade having come to take their place. The shade, which is used by the Queen of Spain, among others, has a handle shaped and held like that of the fashionable lorgnette. It is intended to protect the eyes from the glare of sunlight or other strong light, and is likely to become very popular.



PART OF THE TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO MR. T. BRIDGER CHAMPION, LATE HUNTSMAN TO THE MARQUESS OF ZETLAND'S HOUNDS.

The trophy was designed and modelled by Messrs. Wilson and Gill, 139 and 141, Regent Street.



"THE BEAUTY OF BATH" AS A CYCLIST: MISS ELLALINE TERRISS WITH HER BEESTON HUMBER.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 12.

MONEY AND THE MARKETS.

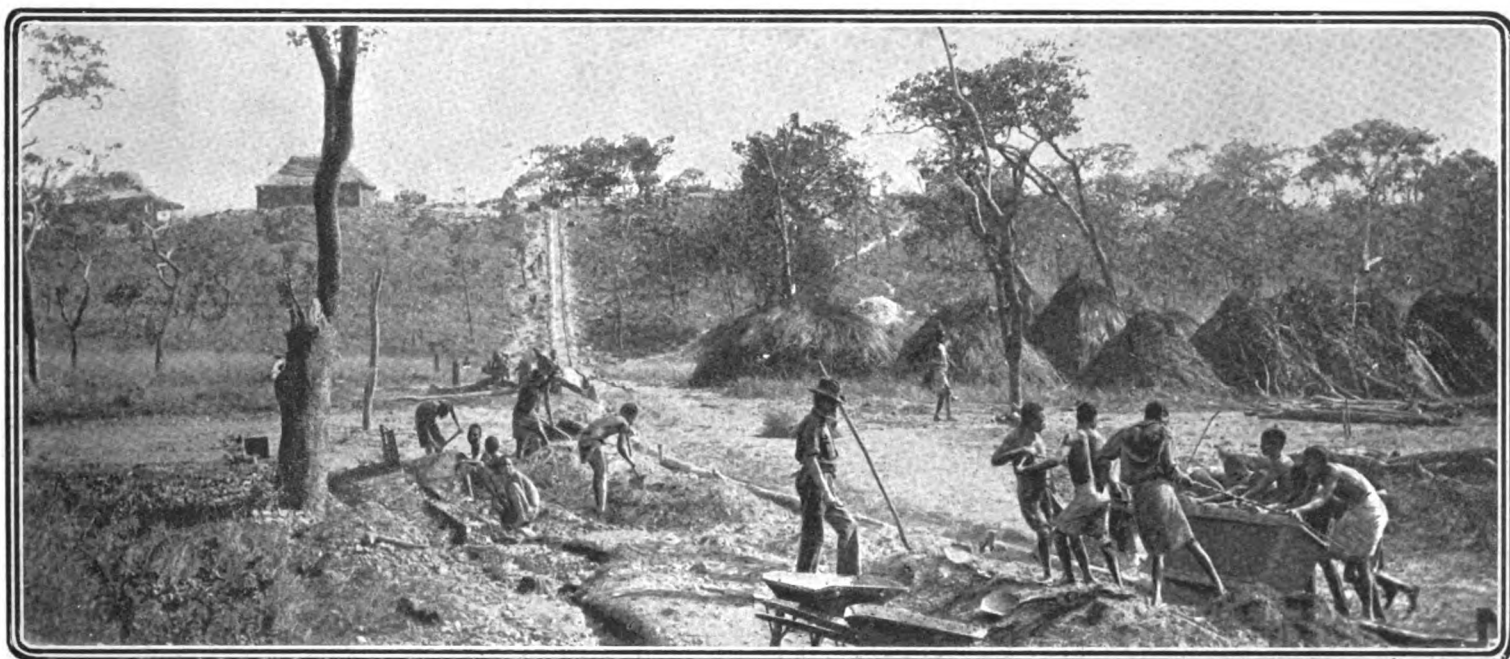
THE first settlement under the 6 per cent. Bank Rate was looked forward to with some anxiety, but has passed off without serious trouble after all, although rates have ruled very high, and people who are carrying stock on borrowed capital will certainly not forget the money squeeze at the end of 1906. As to whether the official minimum will have to be still further hoisted opinions differ, but in the best informed Banking circles it is generally thought improbable.

Meanwhile, while everybody is crying out at the price charged for accommodation, and Stock Exchange dealers are professing to be very anxious sellers of everything, it is as difficult as ever to get delivery of fair-class stocks bought for investment. A correspondent of ours during the first week of this month gave an order for Antofagasta Debenture Stock, Mexican Central Railway Securities "A" Debenture Stock, Great Indian Peninsular Railway Guaranteed Stock, and Buenos Ayres and Rosario Debenture Stock; and on the 12th instant sent the money to his brokers (a first-class firm) to pay for his purchase. So far only a small part of the first two stocks have been obtained, and although the official broker has attempted to buy in, delivery has not yet been made, nor was the buying in successful. Whether the jobbers are, as many of them profess, hungering for money we do not know, but in this case (which is typical of many

which, by the way, was *privately subscribed*—is £800,000, divided into 500,000 6 per cent. Preferred shares and 300,000 Deferred shares. The whole of the Preferred and 225,000 of the Deferred have been issued, leaving 75,000 Deferred shares in reserve. The shares rank for dividend as follows: first, 6 per cent. goes to the Preferred, then 6 per cent. to the Deferred, and the remainder of the profits are to be divisible equally between the *two classes of shares*, and as there are only three Deferred to five Preferred shares, the former will, of course, get much the larger return. The Company was formed to acquire and work the deposits of shale in the Wolgan and Capertee Valleys, New South Wales. The property is about a hundred miles from Sydney and some twenty miles from the main line of railway, and a necessary preliminary to the successful working of the property is the construction of a branch line from the Wolgan Valley. The line is now being laid, and it is estimated that within six months from the start the line can be sufficiently advanced to enable shale to be transported. The deposit of shale is said to be the largest and richest in the world, and a large profit on every ton of shale will be realised as soon as it can be delivered in Sydney. In the course of prospecting, valuable coal deposits have been opened up, and are likely to be a source of revenue to the Company, while the New South Wales Shale and Oil Company's business, which has been acquired on favourable terms, will be a subsidiary source of profit. I strongly recommend your readers to peruse carefully the chairman's speech at the forthcoming meeting, which it is to be hoped will be fully reported, and if they are satisfied with the statements made, to acquire an interest in the Company. They should understand, however, that I am not advising a purchase of these shares as a speculation; *but as a lock-up investment they may turn out very profitable indeed.* Q.

WILL AMERICANS SLUMP?

Thirty per cent. fall all round is the airy prophecy of some authorities with regard to Americans, the argument being based upon the stiff money rates, against which it is contended that the market cannot stand for long. If New York has to finance its own bull account, instead of getting the money on this side, there may perhaps



TANGANYIKA CONCESSIONS: SLUICING GOLD, RUWI HILL.

others) there is £10,000 waiting for them, and they won't or cannot carry out their bargains and get it. The truth is that markets have become so small, and dealings so restricted, that if a jobber is caught short he is almost helpless, and cannot get his book "even," however diligent he may be.

Correspondents often ask us why the Bank of France can carry on with a 3 per cent. rate for many consecutive years and make no change, and why we cannot do the same? The answer is, of course, that although the Bank of France does not often change its rate, it protects its gold reserve by putting a prohibitive purchase price upon the metal, which is equivalent to a high Bank Rate here, and is in some ways more inconvenient in its effects. If one's neighbours want one's gold or any other commodity, the only check upon them acquiring it is to raise the price, or make it in some way more costly to obtain. We do it with a rise in the Bank Rate; the French employ the cruder form of raising the price.

THE COMMONWEALTH OIL CORPORATION, LIMITED.

The following note on this Company by "Q" will be of interest to our readers, to whom the matter is by no means new. The directors of the Commonwealth Oil Corporation are all men of position, and have their own money in the concern—in which we know they believe—so that at least buyers may be sure of a run for their money.

I understand that the first annual general meeting of the shareholders in this Company will be held very shortly, and that the directors will have a wonderful report of the Company's progress and prospects to lay before the meeting. The regular readers of this column will remember that I have on several occasions referred to this concern, and as lately as last week expressed the opinion that the Deferred shares, now standing at about £2½—they have risen ¾ since I last wrote—would go to £3. I have since, however, received information which leads me to conclude that this figure is altogether an understatement as an estimate of the ultimate value of these shares, which, if the expectations of those most closely in touch with the Company are realised, are likely to go to a very big figure. For the benefit of those of your readers who may feel inclined to watch the Company's future, I may give the following details in regard to it. The capital of the Corporation—the whole of

be trouble ahead. Last contango-day, however, there was no difficulty in getting money upon the security of Yankees, though rates were stiff, and 8 per cent. or more had to be paid by the bulls. The point is, however, that there the money was: loans called in were replaced by other capital seeking the very profitable employment which such rates afforded. Nor are there signs that the money-lenders do not intend to accept Americans, and so long as this is so, what does it matter to the New York wirepuller whether he pays one or two per cent. more than he would in the ordinary way, provided he knows the stringency to be a temporary matter? We hold no brief for the Yankee Market, but the prosperity of the continent and of the railroads is such that no reason exists for a slump beyond that of monetary considerations. Looked at from the merely market standpoint, the decline of speculation on the part of the American public is not a bull point, and dealings over here have fallen off a lot lately, as anyone may see whose business leads him into Shorter's Court of an evening. A bear raid is invited by absence of trade, but as it seems tolerably clear that big houses in Wall Street have still large blocks of shares in their portfolios for sale, this last factor should go some way in warding off the danger which might otherwise accrue to prices through the tender operations of a few determined bears.

CANADIANS AND MEXICANS.

Canadas take a long while to reach 200, and it looks as though the prophets would have to wait for some time yet before their optimisms are realised. The state of the American Market is, of course, responsible for the somewhat dullish tone recently developed by Canadas, and the latter cannot hope to escape unscathed from the slight financial difficulties which have been troubling Montreal and Toronto. So far as the line is concerned, the traffics keep wonderfully good, and there is no reason to suppose that the Common shares will fail to move on to an 8 per cent. dividend basis before long. Holders of Grand Trunks are in less fortunate case as concerns the

future, because the Grand Trunk Company will have to go on spending heavily for some years upon its various extensions, pledging its own credit for the sake of subsidiaries, and thus overhanging the prospects which Trunk Thirds possess of receiving the full 4 per cent. due to the stock.

Fresh lease of life has been given to all the Mexican Railway properties by the dividend announcement of the Mexican Railway Company. We have, of course, cried up Mexican Firsts and Seconds as fine speculative investments for the past two or three years, and the present position of prices forms an effective comment upon the advice to buy reiterated over and over again. Mexican First Preference will go to 150, and the Second Preference—at a low estimate—to 80, barring the unexpected, which occasionally happens in tropical as in temperate climates. Interoceanic Preference and National of Mexico Preferred are sharing a reflected glory from the boom in the other Company's stocks; but with regard to the first-named, it is doubtful whether the rise has not, for the present, gone quite as far as prospects justify.

RHODESIANS AND KAFFIRS.

Complaints have been heard that Tanganyika shares do the market harm, because they tend to draw all speculation to themselves, instead of allowing operators to range over the whole of the market. We should have thought that the South African section would welcome anything which provided any sort of excitement in their midst, and certainly the meeting of the Tanganyika Concessions, held to-day, has been looked forward to with widespread interest. No doubt the chairman will elucidate points upon which the recently issued circular seemed somewhat vague. Upon the result of the meeting depends largely the immediate course of the Rhodesian Market. Chartereds have come to the front again with a little spurt, due to the slight access of animation in the Kaffir Circus proper. There, the bad effects of the August boomlet are wearing off. People who bought the shares at that time have in many cases closed them, through the same sheer weariness that has helped to give the market so bad a character in the eyes of the public. France, too, has been a quiet seller of gold shares, and prices of some of the outcrops finish the month in a very poor way. But City and Suburban and Crown Reefs look fair purchases amongst the older concerns; Porges Randfontein amongst the Robinson group, while Robinson Central Deep are good to buy in the Deeper Level division. None should be bought on margin or to carry over. Let everything be paid for if it be desired to minimise the risk of loss.

Saturday, Oct. 27, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SPES.—We can add nothing of use to the remarks of "The House Hunter" in last week's Issue as to Champion Reefs.

J. B.—Private letters are only written in accordance with Rule 5 of the Correspondence Rules published in our first Issue every month. We have a poor opinion of the concern you name.

J. R. A.—See "Q's" note in this week's Issue.

TENBY.—We can give you no information of value as to the gold-mine or the Exploration Company. Your holding is probably a bad debt.

HANOVER.—We do not consider anything but disaster can attend speculation in shares from such a distance. As to the Companies you inquire about: (1) The persons connected with the concern and the papers which have recommended it do not inspire confidence. (2) The Dredging Company is a fair speculation. (3) Not to our liking. (4) Good and likely to yield a big return. (5) We hear very conflicting accounts of this New Zealand concern; on the whole, probably a good speculative risk. (6) We have no reliable information. (7) A speculation, and not a bad one. (8) Don't touch the shares. We only recommend the firm you mention in connection with premium bonds, but they would do your business honestly in any market.

A CONSTANT READER.—You can only lose money by carrying over the shares at the present rates, and there does not seem much chance of a reduction for some weeks, at any rate.

AUSTRALIAN.—See "Q's" note.

COLD STORE.—When things go into liquidation, no information is published, but the Official Receiver will tell you more than he would tell us. As to the Restaurant Company, we will inquire.

S. B.—We can add nothing to the advice given in "The House-Hunter's" letter of last week. We prefer the Atchisons to hold.

AMBLE.—See this week's Notes. It is almost impossible to deal with questions involving explanations of exchange, money rates, &c., in the space at our disposal.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The King will not, after all, be at Newbury, where good sport can be looked for. I think Plum Tree is a good thing for the Cup, and I fancy the following: Two-Year-Old Plate, Forfeit; Lambourne Welter, Cabul, Greenham Stakes, Greendale; Highclere Nursery, Billidere; Whatcombe Handicap, Spoilt Girl; Berkshire Foal Stakes, Belle Vale; Manton Nursery, Transplant. At Windsor the following may go close: Frogmore Welter, Dying Duck; Iver Nursery, Martinella; Great Western Handicap, Greendale. For the Hurst Park Meeting I like the following: Molesey Nursery, Relish; Autumn Handicap, Sella; November Plate, Nausicaa; Vyner Handicap, Mixed Dance; Palma Handicap, Chiltern.

Modern Banking

and

Investment

Increase of
Income by
World-wide
Investment.

CONTENTS.

The Stock Markets: How to Profit by Them.
Investment and Speculation: Past, Present, and Future.
The Science of Investment.
The Theory of Successful Speculation.
How & When to Operate in Home Rails.
How & When to Operate in American Rails.
Points Concerning American Rails.
How to Invest in Mines.
Guiding Principles for Investors in Mines.
The Controlling Groups in the Mining Market.

Guiding Principles for Investors in New Issues.
Guiding Principles for Speculators.
Call Option: The System Fully Explained.
Instalment Investment. Investment for Small Capitalists.
Insurance as a means of Raising, Saving, and Investing Money.
Protection of Capital and Increase of Income.
Re-arrangement and Re-adjustment of Investments.
Stock Exchange Terms. Investment Tables.

Post Free on mentioning THE SKETCH to the Secretary,
LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE, Ltd., Bankers, Basildon House, Bank, London

BRADLEY AND SONS

THE "BETTY." NEW WALKING SKIRT.

(Registered No. 33,796.)

Unobtainable Elsewhere.

In Black, Navy, and Cream Serges and Hopsacks.
In New Fancy Tweeds, and also in Black, Navy,
and Brown Faced Cloth,

35/9

Special Measures, 3/6 extra; Coat or Bodice
Length, 10/6.

A SELECTION OF SKIRTS AND PATTERNS
ON APPLICATION.

Orders from new customers should be accompanied
by remittance or trade reference.

CHEPSTOW PLACE, BAYSWATER, W.



Captain Tweenie on Hunting.

"I don't mind owning that half the fun of huntin' has been the little 'extras,' the breakfastin', the chattin', the quiet little smoke 'tween whiles.

I'm a born smoker of Tweenies, any way, but I don't know that I ever enjoy the fragrance more than on a still, quiet autumn day in the open, before the fox breaks cover or when there's a check. A half finished cigar is an abomination, but somehow you never half finish a Tweenie—it just fits in right."



Tweenies

The Ten-minute Cigar. As supplied to the House of Lords.

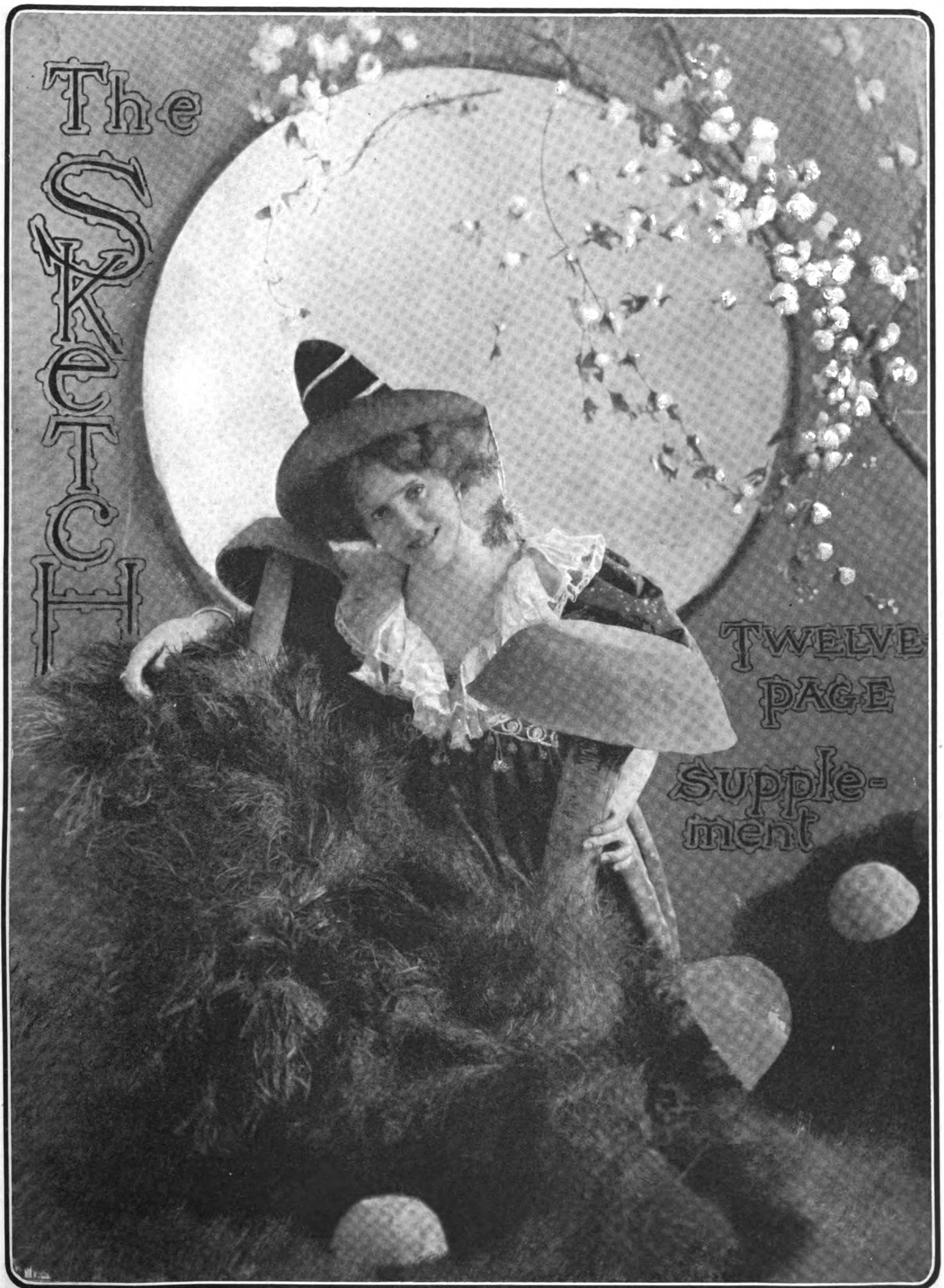
It's only the size that makes the price 1½d. The quality is that of a Shilling Havana. Tweenies supply the fragrance and charm of the best Havana cigars, combined with the convenience and time-saving properties of the cigarette at a popular price.

4 for 6d. or 8 for 1/-

1½d. each; in 3d., 6d., and 1/- packets; Boxes of 50, 6/3; Boxes of 100, 12/6

Of all Tobacconists, or direct from

MARTIN BROS., CIGAR SHIPPERS, 25, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



MISS FANNY DANGO.

Photograph by Bassano.

HIERATICA

NOTE PAPER
AND
ENVELOPES

A
Vegetable
Parchment

The ANCIENT
WRITING
PAPER...
of the...
PRIESTS.
Now the

Favourite Note Paper

OF ALL
Stationers.



If any difficulty in
obtaining, send Stamps
to—

**HIERATICA
WORKS,**
Hill Street,
Finsbury,
LONDON, E.C.

NOTE PAPER	(5 quires)	s. d.
BUSINESS NOTE..	"	1 0
FOREIGN ..	"	1 0
MOURNING ..	"	1 6
Envelopes to match all the above.		
SERMON PAPER, per pkt. 1s. and 1		6
CABINET BOXES (Note and En- velopes) in three sizes		1 0

SAMPLES FREE. PARCELS
CARRIAGE PAID IN U.K.

THE ÆOLIAN ORCHESTRELLE



The instrument which is a consummation of
all musical instruments, and which enables
anyone to properly render orchestral music.

THERE are many who have strong musical taste and feeling, but
so little power of performance that the rendering of master
works would for ever have remained impossible to them had
not the Æolian been invented. A complete orchestral score,
music beyond the power of the most skilful performer, can be
played artistically and with every possible degree of expression
by the owner of an Æolian and by no one else. The
Æolian is absolutely necessary to all those who wish to become
familiar with the finest written music.

To gain a correct idea of the possibilities of this
wonderful instrument a visit should be paid to Æolian Hall.
In any case you are requested to write for Catalogue 8.

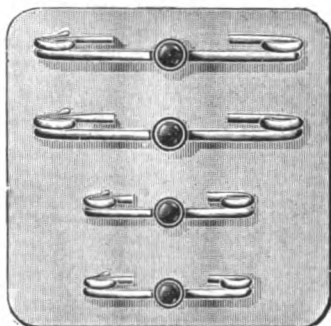
THE ORCHESTRELLE Co.,

Æolian Hall,

135-6-7, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

Wilson & Gill

"THE GOLDSMITHS,"
139 & 141, REGENT ST.,
LONDON, W.

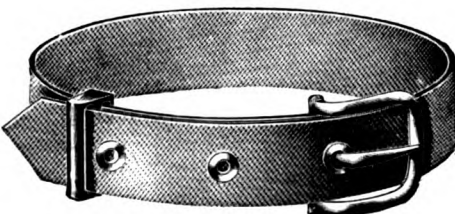


Fine Gold and Turquoise Safety Pins,
£1 10s. the set of four, in case
complete.



Fine Gold and Turquoise
Safety Brooch, 13s. 6d.

New
Illustrated Catalogue
Post Free.



Fine Gold Milanese Flexible Chain Bracelet,
£3 10s.



Fine Gold and Pearl
Shamrock Brooch,
£2 15s.

**ENGAGEMENT
RINGS.**

The Finest Stock in
London.



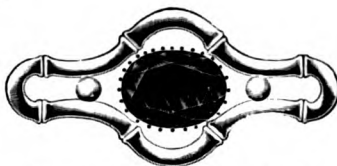
Fine Diamond Ring,
£15.



Fine Sapphire and
Diamond Ring,
£28 10s.



Fine Diamond
Initial Scarf
Pin (any letter),
£1 15s.



Fine Amethyst and Pearl Brooch,
£2 13s. 6d.



Fine Opal and Ruby
Drop Necklet, £12.



Fine Pearl and
Diamond Brooch,
£7 10s.

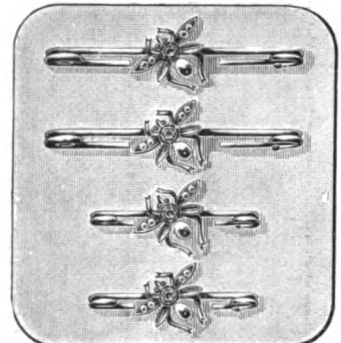
**BRIDESMAIDS'
PRESENTS.**
A Speciality.



Fine Amethyst and
Diamond Pendant,
£11.



Fine Pearl and
Enamel Shamrock
Charm, £1.

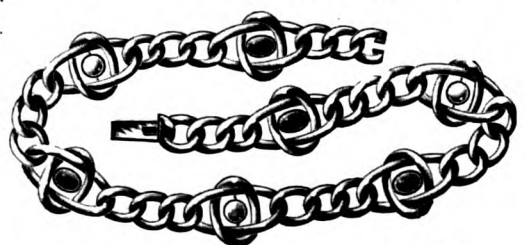


Fine Pearl and Gem-set Fly Safety-Pins,
£3 the set of four, complete, in case.



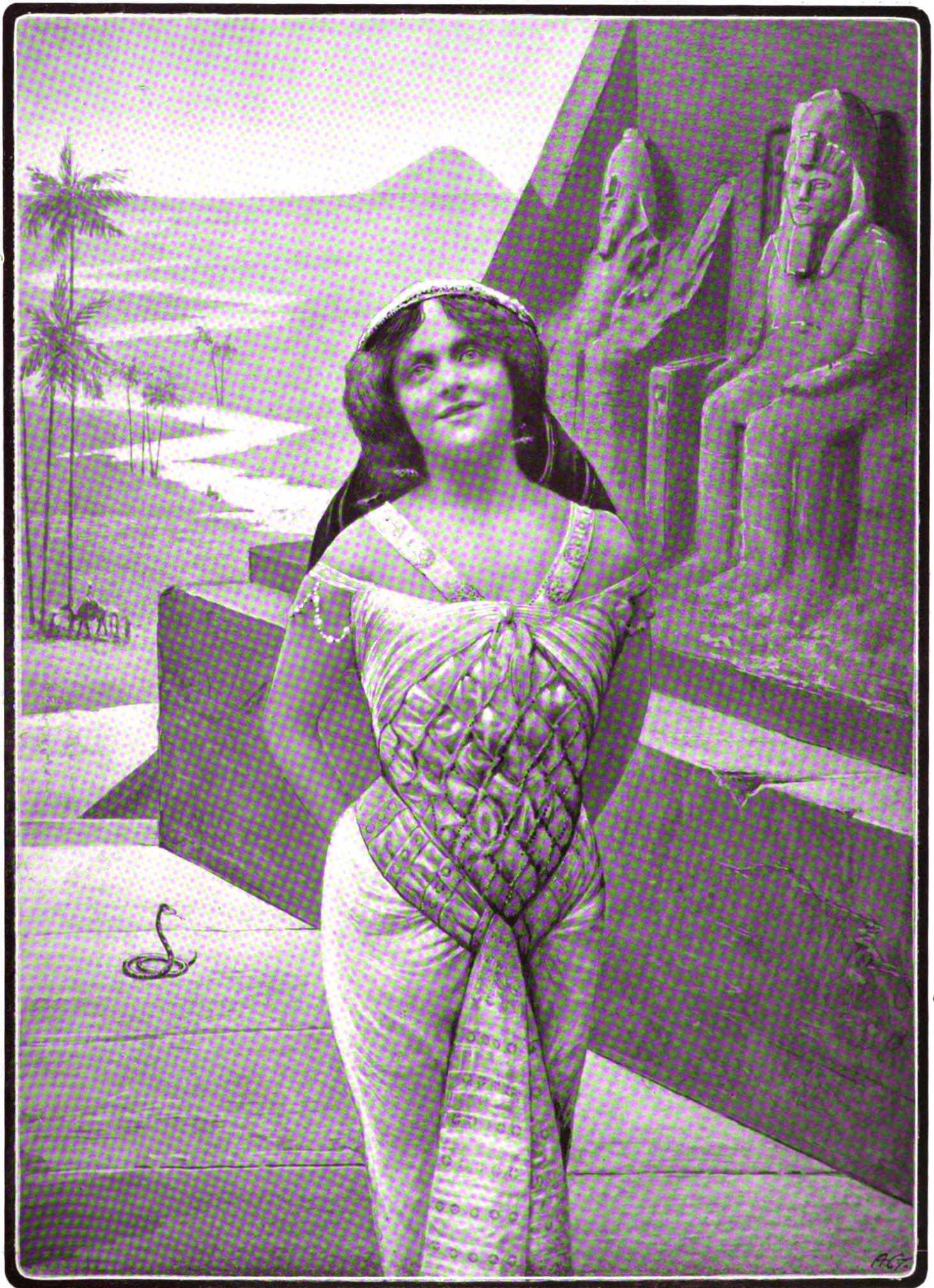
Fine Gold, Pearl, and Enamel Brooch,
£1 17s. 6d.

Goods Forwarded to the
Country on Approval.



Fine Turquoise and Gold Chain Bracelet, £1 17s. 6d.

MAID TO THE GODMOTHER OF THE SACRED KITTEN.



MISS MADGE VINCENT AS NATIS, MAID TO THE PRINCESS AMĀSIS.

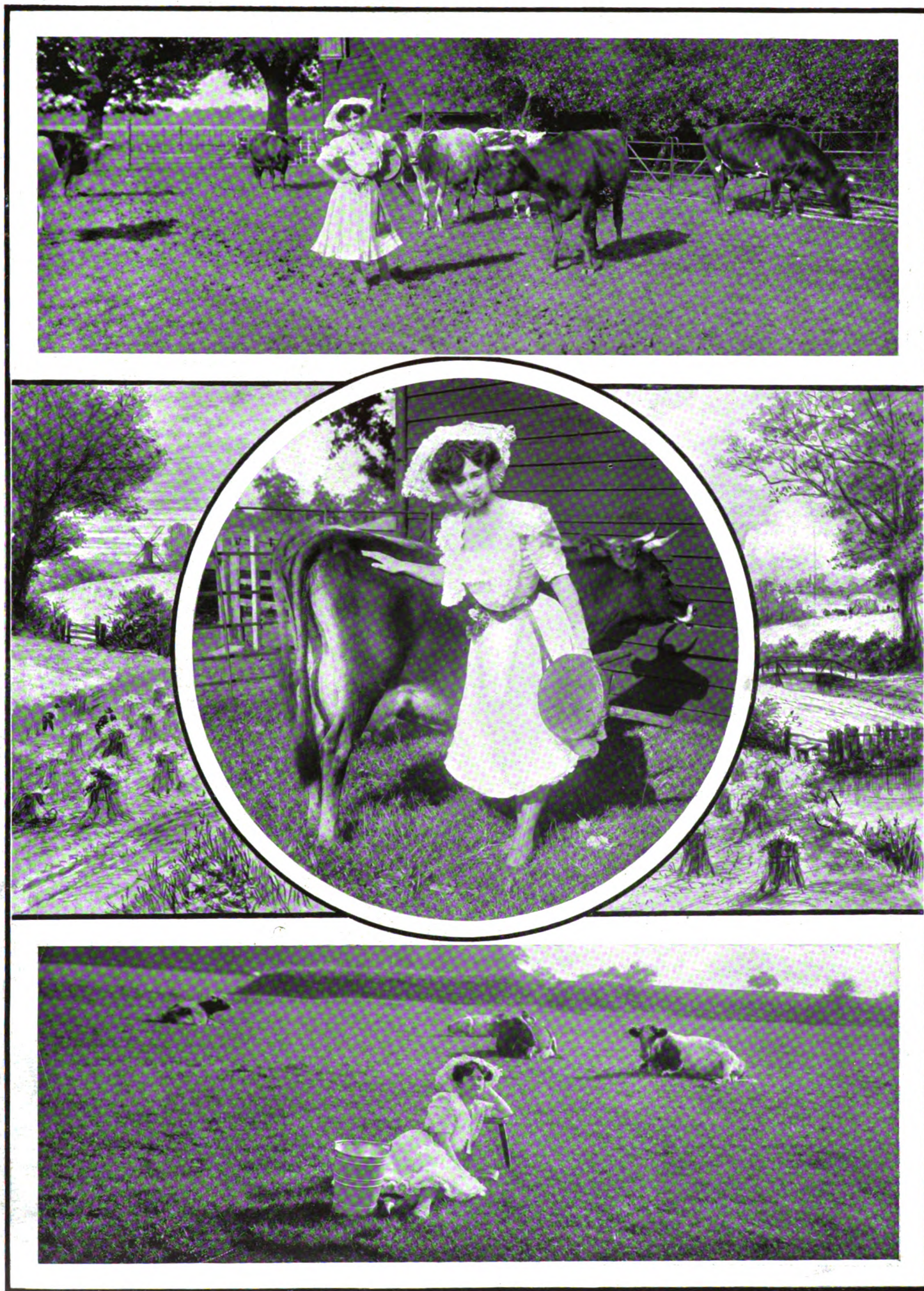
In days of old . . .
We dressed just how our fancy did dictate us.
We didn't pay a fancy price,

But really we looked rather nice,
And every other country didn't hate us.

Miss Madge Vincent plays Natis, the maid, to the Princess Amāsis of her sister, Miss Ruth Vincent. Princess Amāsis is "Godmother of the Most Sacred Kitten."

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

MISS CARRIE MOORE AS A "REAL" DAIRYMAID.

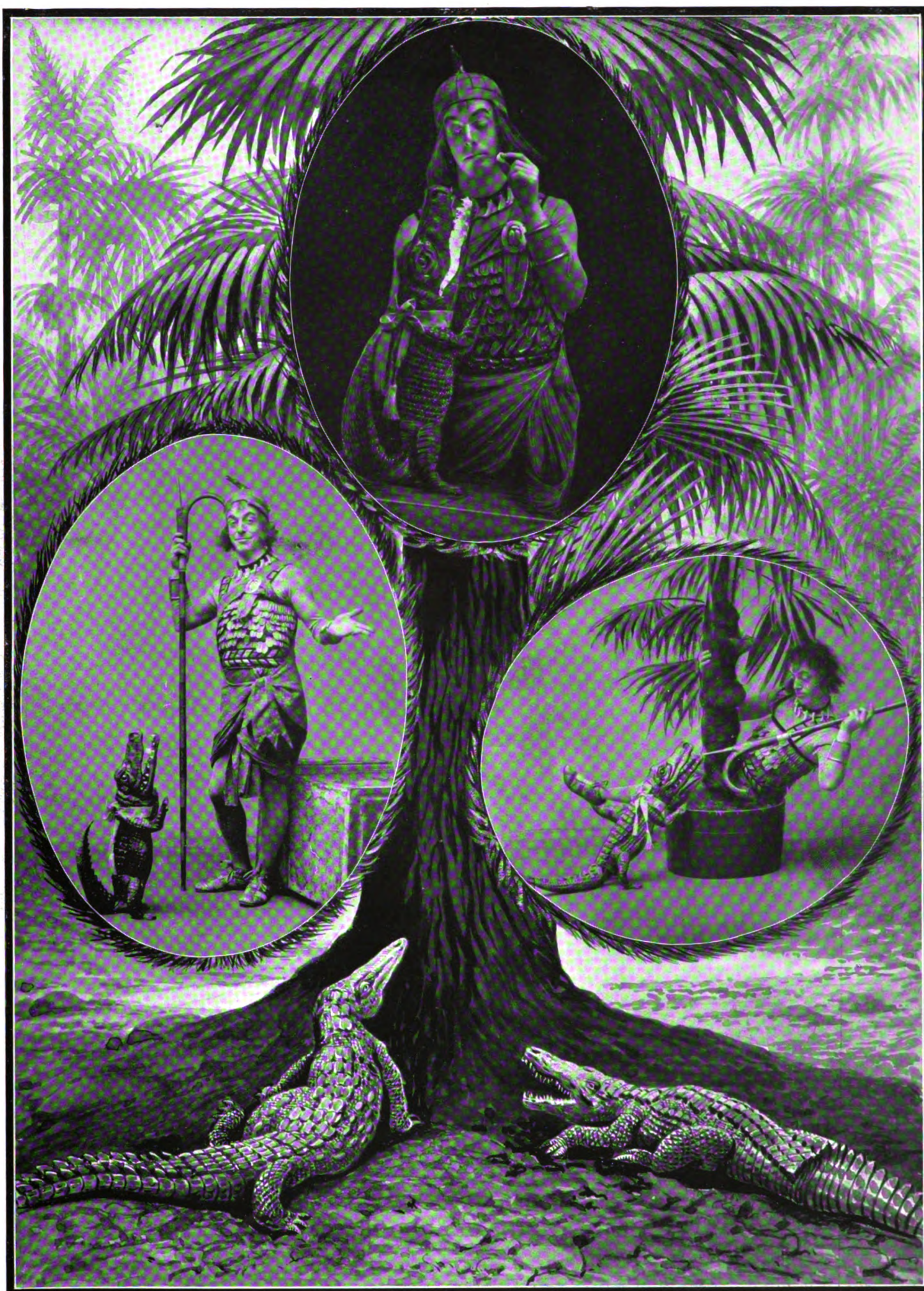


THE STAGE DAIRYMAID TURNS PROFESSIONAL, AND HAS A DAY ON A FARM.

Miss Carrie Moore, who plays Peggy, the dairymaid in "The Dairymaid," at the Apollo, is evidently bent on studying her part continually. Only a few days ago she tried her hand at milking at the Islington Show; now she has had a day on a farm, all among the real live cows.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

THE PET OF SCARABEE MANSIONS.



SEBAK'S TAME CROCODILE OBEYS HIS MASTER'S VOICE—

IN "AMĀSIS," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

Sebak (Mr. Lauri de Frece), of Scarabee Mansions, Keeper of the Crocodiles to the Pharaoh of Egypt, takes care to train his charges in the way they should go, and one at least of them helps his master to entertain the audiences at the New Theatre.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

The Spirits of the Elements.—1.





FIRE.

Photograph of Miss Alice Crawford by Bassano; Setting by "The Sketch."

AN "OMNIBUS SHOOT" FOR WEEK-END SPORTSMEN:

SHOOTING AT 10s. A DAY FOR THE CITY MAN.



THE END OF A GOOD DAY'S SPORT, SHOWING THE BAG.



WAITING FOR THE RABBIT TO BOLT.



NEARING THE END OF THE DAY'S SPORT.



HIS FIRST BIRD.



THREE TO ONE AGAINST THE RABBIT.

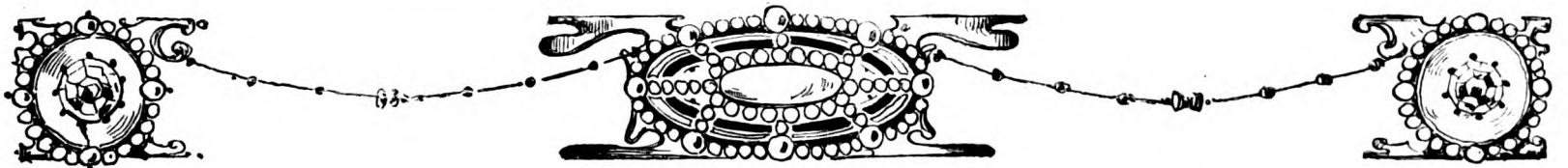
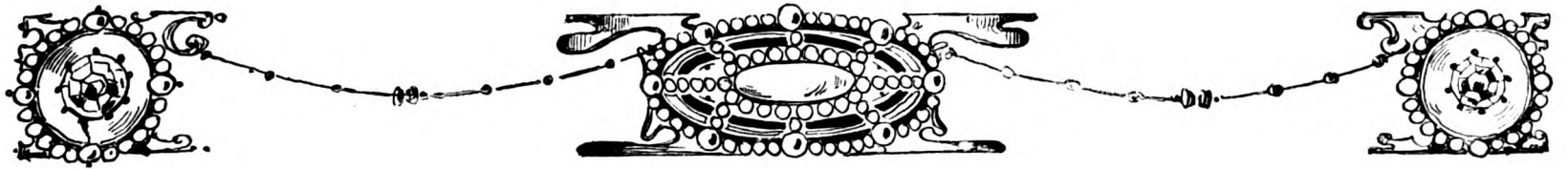


THE CITY SPORTSMEN SETTING OUT.

The City man who has neither the time nor the money to indulge in anything but rough shooting, and does not care to rent an estate, can now gratify his sporting instincts by means of week-end shoots. There is only one day's shooting in the week-end in question (that is to say, on the Saturday, for Sunday sport is not permitted), but as the whole week-end, from the Friday night till the Monday morning, can be covered for about two guineas, there is nothing to grumble at in this. The charge per gun for shooting rabbits and hares is ten shillings a day, and "have what you shoot"; for partridges it is a guinea a day. In addition to this, the party pay the gamekeeper five shillings between them. The shooting takes place on Burnham Marshes, and the estate covers about a thousand acres. The start is made from Burnham-on-Crouch.

Twenty couples of rabbits, a dozen or fifteen hares, and a few pigeons is an average day's bag for three guns.—[Photographs by the Topical Press.]

BROUGHT BACK TO THE STAGE BY "THE VIRGIN GODDESS."



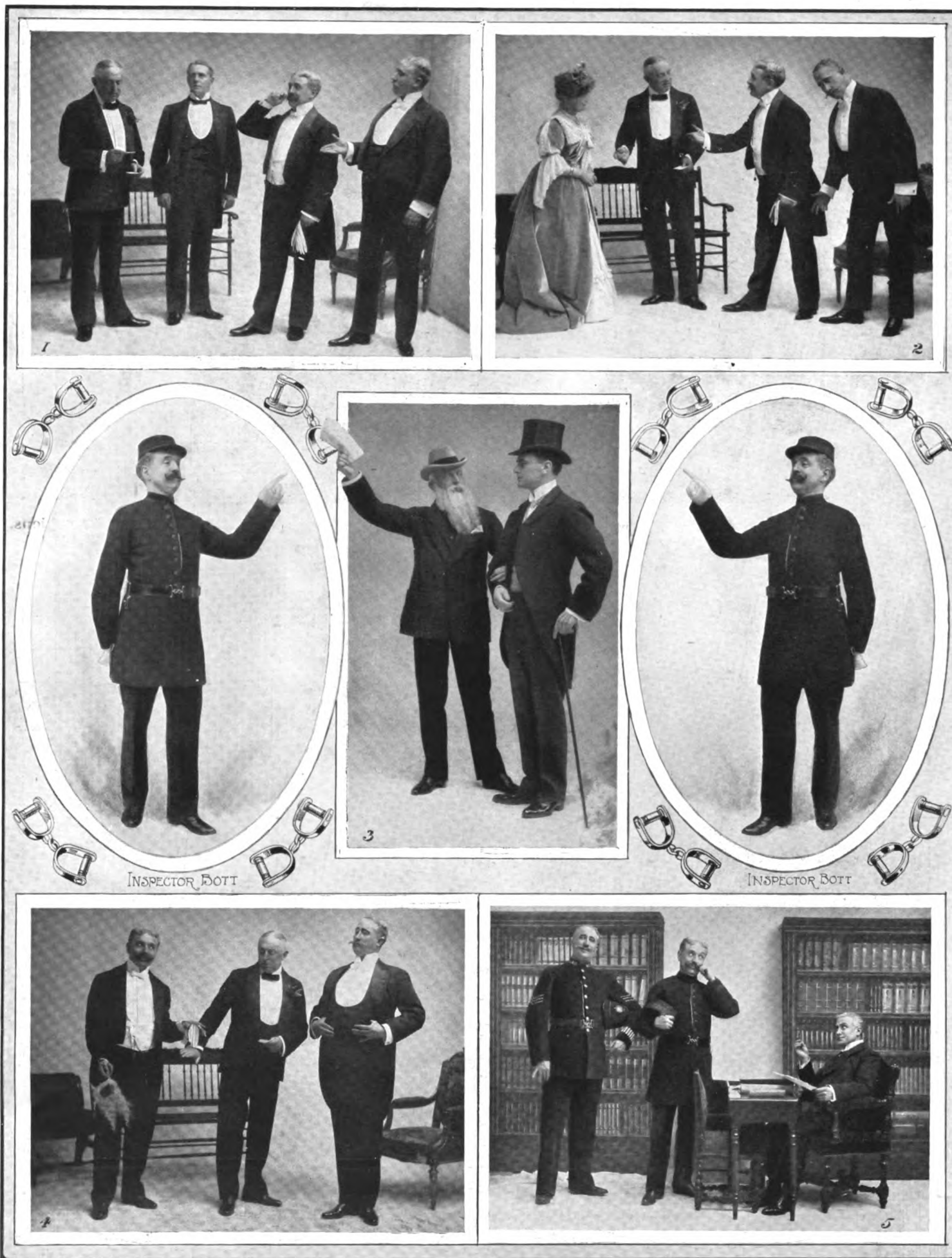
MISS GENEVIÈVE WARD, WHO HAS RETURNED TO THE STAGE TO PLAY THE BLIND QUEEN CLEITO
IN THE ADELPHI PRODUCTION.

Miss Geneviève Ward, the perfect Eleanor of the Lyceum, has returned to the stage for a time, attracted by the character of Cleito, in "The Virgin Goddess," the part she is now playing at the Adelphi. Miss Ward does not intend to make a prolonged return to the stage. "You don't seem to remember that I'm just upon seventy," she said recently.

From the Painting by Hugh Rivière, Photographed by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

HAWKSHAW THE DETECTIVE MODERNISED :

THE STAGE ARREST IN "THE AMATEUR SOCIALIST."



1. The police, represented by Inspector Bott (Mr. E. Dagnall) and Sergeant Fell (Mr. E. Y. Rae), gain admittance to Sir Hubert Pennefeather's house in disguise, announce themselves as the Baronet's brothers in the great cause of Socialism, and are invited to dinner.

3. Sir Hubert's quietude of conscience is occasioned chiefly by the belief that he has outwitted the police, not only by fleetness of foot and the aid of a well-paid cabman, but by the fact that when speaking he was disguised in a false beard, in the manner here shown.

4. That beautiful belief is shattered, however, when Inspector Bott, having carefully paved the way, adopts a Hawkshaw the detective manner, produces the beard in question with due ceremony and mystery, and effects the arrest that gives the Socialistic Baronet the joy of a night in the cells.

2. The Amateur Socialist, Sir Hubert (Mr. Eric Lewis), is so pleased with his guests, their principles, and their manners, that he greets them heartily, and introduces them to his family, beginning with his wife, Lady Pennefeather (Miss Carlotta Addison).

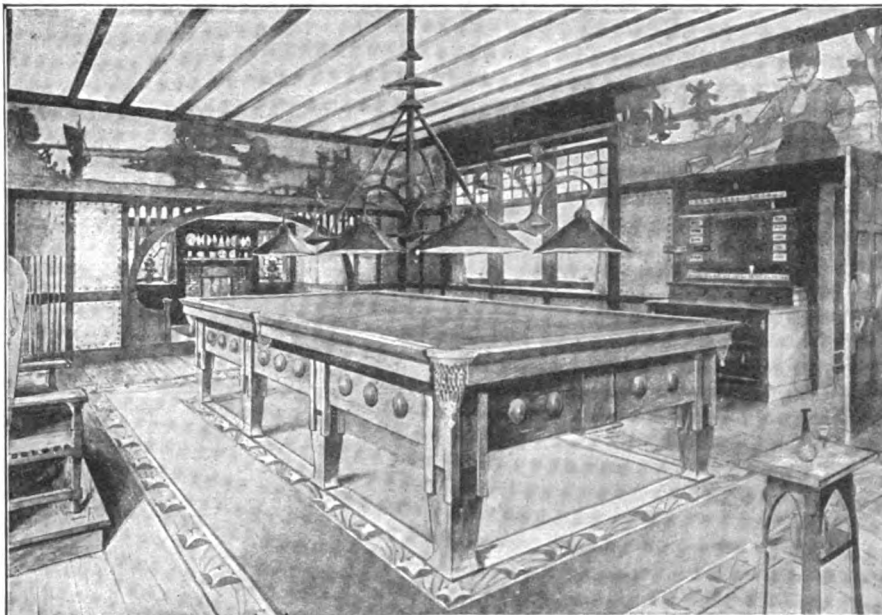
5. All is well with Sir Hubert, nevertheless: he is destined to get off scot-free, for the Inspector and the Sergeant were so gratified by the manner of their reception at his hands that they are only too willing to break down in their evidence at the instigation of Mr. Moberley (Mr. F. Percival Stevens), a Magistrate friendly to the Baronet.

Photographs by Bassano.

BURROUGHS & WATTS LTD

Billiard
Table
Manufacturers
by special
appointment
to the King.

—
Holders of
the largest
selection of
Billiard
Room
Equipments
in the
world.



A simple, yet distinctive, billiard room, the cost of which, completely decorated, will be found not to exceed that of ordinary haphazard furnishing.

WRITE FOR BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Pioneers
of every
modern
development
in the
Billiard
Table
of to-day.

—
Speciality:
Patent
Vacuum
Eureka
Steel Block
Cushions.

19, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.



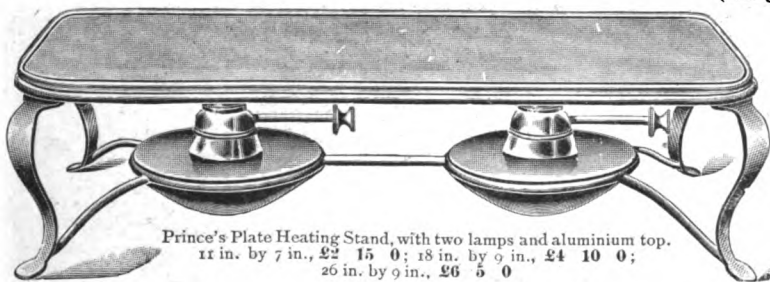
Prince's Plate Egg Frame.
4 Cups £2 10 0
5 " 2 15 0
6 " 3 0 0
Spoons extra.



Combination Egg Steamer and Frame.
Prince's Plate, £3 10 0

"PRINCE'S PLATE"

(Regd.)



Prince's Plate Heating Stand, with two lamps and aluminium top.
11 in. by 7 in., £2 15 0; 18 in. by 9 in., £4 10 0;
26 in. by 9 in., £6 5 0

London Addresses { 2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
158, OXFORD STREET, W.
220, REGENT STREET, W.

Manufactory—The Royal Works, Sheffield.

SHEFFIELD.

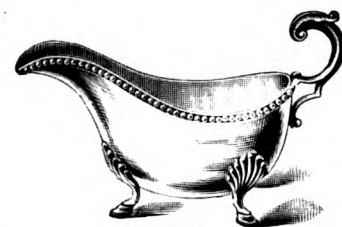
MANCHESTER.

PARIS.

NICE.

JOHANNESBURG.

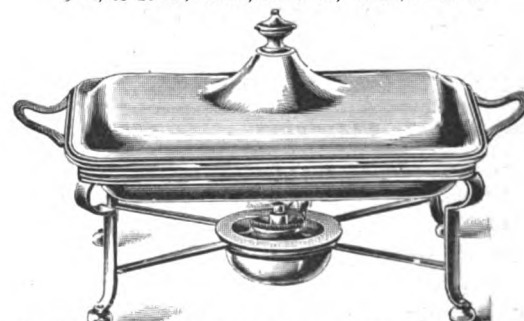
MAPPIN'S



Sauce Boat.		Sterling Silver.	
Prince's Plate.			
Small ...	£1 3 0	...	£2 5 0
Medium ...	1 8 0	...	3 10 0
Large ...	1 13 0	...	4 10 0



Prince's Plate Soup Tureen, fluted, with revolving cover.
9 in., £5 10 0; 10 in., £6 5 0; 11 in., £7 10 0



Breakfast Dish, oblong shape, 9 1/2 in. long, with loose inner Dish.
Prince's Plate, £5 10 0; Sterling Silver, £18 0 0



DEWAR'S WHISKY

From Highland Glens

THIS famous Whisky, by virtue of its great age, its proven purity, and its general excellence, has achieved a position unique among stimulants. ¶ In every quarter of the globe Dewar's Whisky is acknowledged to be "Excellent in every way."